

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—A situation unprecedented since Reconstruction times arose in Texas on the occasion of the return of ex-President Calles to his country. For some time an indictment had been hanging over Calles for the murder of General

Calles and
the Law

Lucio Blanco who was kidnapped on American territory. For this murder an American, Duke Carver, was held in jail. Judge John A. Valls, District Attorney of Laredo, announced that if Calles passed through his town, he would be arrested. Thereupon Secretary of State Stimson served notice on him that Calles was furnished with a diplomatic visa and that the Federal Government would protect him by force if necessary. Judge Valls yielded under protest. Before Calles' train entered Texas, it was boarded by a detachment of United States marines, who guarded it from attack at the various stops. No stop at all was made at Laredo and the special train crossed the Rio Grande to Nuevo Laredo. Thereupon Judge Valls telegraphed Secretary Stimson warning him that Calles would have to be protected in a similar way each time he enters Laredo and saying that he was humiliated because his Government threw the mantle of its protection around a fugitive from justice and the chief exponent of Bolshevism on this continent. The incident closed by the release of Duke Carver from prison.

Considerable excitement was caused by the reading be-

fore the Caraway lobby-investigating committee of certain letters written by H. C. Lakin, president of the Cuba Company and representing Cuban sugar interests in Washington. Mr. Lakin spoke of having engaged President Hoover's personal attorney, E. P. Shattuck, and detailing the various steps he had taken with the President, among others an order given by the President denoting his extreme interest in the question.—Another striking incident was the calling before the committee of Julius H. Barnes, close friend of the President, chairman of his business committee, and of the Board of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Barnes, a grain exporter, had been quoted as a critic of the new Farm Board. Before the committee he spoke in defense of the grain men and charged they were being discriminated against by the Farm Board, which loans money to the farmers' cooperative marketing bodies at a lower rate than the middlemen can find in the open market. He denied, however, that he had ever spoken of the matter to the President.

On December 16, the Senate by a vote of 53 to 21 ratified the Mellon-Berenger agreement re-funding the French War debt. The figure was thus set at \$4,025,000,000, with yearly payments over 62 years. The total payments, including interest, would thus amount to more than \$6,847,000,000.

The ratification was opposed by members of both parties.

On December 16, the State Democratic Executive Committee by a vote of 27 to 21 ruled that Senator Heflin of Alabama and others who failed to support Governor Smith in the national election cannot be candidates in the Democratic primaries or have their names placed on the ticket.

The Committee, however, refused to expel from the party the 120,000 Hoover voters but demanded that those casting votes in the primary must promise to support the party's nominees. The wisdom of this action was doubted in many quarters.—On December 17, Ambassador Morrow finally accepted the offer of Governor Larson of New Jersey to appoint him Senator upon the completion of his duties in the Disarmament Conference in London. Mr. Morrow promised also to be a candidate in the Republican primary in June, but said that he must go to Mexico for a few weeks to perform some unfinished duties. Ex-Senator Frelinghuysen immediately announced that he would be an opponent of Mr. Morrow in the primary.

Austria.—A New York Times correspondent announced the publication by the Austrian Government of

eight volumes of official documents, covering the period from the Bosnian crisis in 1908 to 1914.

**Documents
Published**

This collection is said to consist of 11,000 documents, edited by Professor Ludwig Bittner and Hans Ubersberger, State archivists. The issue of these papers at this time was expected to have a tremendous bearing on the settlement of War guilt. The documents, it was claimed, show that the Balkan policy, considered the immediate cause of the War, originated in Austria and involved Germany only on account of "loyalty due to an ally."

Argentina.—According to a bulletin of the local branch of the First National Bank of Boston, the recession in general business activity which became apparent about six months ago has continued, so that "the outlook for the coming season is the least promising in several years."

**Business
Conditions**

A decline in business was anticipated. "In the basic agricultural and pastoral industries, wool and hide prices are somewhat depressed, while the prospects for the leading small-grain crops are only mediocre." The report noted that, "with money already none too plentiful, the probability is that the actual currency circulation will continue to be further reduced by gold exports from time to time." In some of the agricultural areas, a great deal of destitution, and even starvation was reported.

Bolivia.—It was announced that the suggestion of the Uruguayan Foreign Office for the settlement of the Chaco dispute had been formally accepted by the Government, though Paraguay's attitude on the point was not made public. The Uruguayan proposal is for one of their army majors to proceed to Fort Vanguardia, the scene of the skirmish December 5, 1928, which caused the severance of diplomatic relations between Bolivia and Paraguay, to determine what reconstruction is necessary and see that the Paraguayans complete it. Simultaneously, another army major is to go to Fort Bouqueron, which the Bolivians seized following the Vanguardia incident, and to superintend its restoration to the same condition in which it had previously been. When both undertakings are completed a date would be determined for the simultaneous delivery of Fort Vanguardia to the Bolivians and of Fort Bouqueron to the Paraguayans.

**Chaco
Dispute**

China.—Following significant victories for the Government against the rebels on their three major fronts. Honan, Canton and Anhwei, President Chiang Kai-Shek issued a statement, on December 18, announcing that the Nationalist Government considered the revolt and mutinies in Central and Southern China as ended. While admitting that the recent crisis tested the strength of the Government, he attributed the final issue to the loyalty and courage of his troops. But though the rebellion apparently ceased, banditry continued in several quarters, and the missionaries particularly remained anxious both for their persons and their charges, as Communists or Red troops

**Revolt
Ends**

were preying upon and looting unprotected areas.—In the middle of the month, it was announced that the Kemmerer Commission of financial advisers to Nanking had completed its year's contract, and its members were disbanding after having made reports and recommendations to the Government: these last were not yet published.

Ecuador.—The Cabinet crisis reported last week was amicably settled when, on December 17, President Ayora appointed Sixto Duran Minister of Finance, thus dividing representation in his Cabinet between the interior and coastal districts.

Cabinet

That same day the senatorial elections closed and a general victory for the Government was reported. The elections were held without disturbance.

France.—Premier Tardieu appeared in person in the Senate on December 12, to outline his policies and expedite a measure providing funds for the Cabinet portfolios and subministships suspended by his predecessors and restored at his advent to office. He advocated a policy of swifter dispatch of legislative affairs, greater efficiency in all branches of public service, and peace and harmony at home and abroad. His plea won a vote of 203 to 43. The Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies took occasion in subsequent sessions to charge him with a desire to institute a dictatorship, and claimed that the official record of his remarks in the Senate had been expurgated of complimentary statements about the Deputies. The Premier replied good-humoredly, and urged the Deputies not to waste time in political maneuvering, and prevailed on the Left members to withdraw the interpellation as a sign of good will.

**Tardieu's Speech
in Senate
Challenged**

Germany.—Two widely different forums discussed Germany's economic problems on December 12, when Chancellor Hermann Müller submitted the program of financial reforms to the Reichstag and refuted the statements of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, while the Federation of German Industries assembled in a large hall criticized the Government's policies and applauded and encouraged the attitude of the President of the Reichsbank. The Chancellor told the Reichstag that "he believed that no good purpose would be served in concealing the state of the Reich's finances." He stated further his conviction that only whole hearted publicity would enable the Government to solve the critical situation confronting it. In this mood of frankness he admitted that the Reich's exchequer showed a deficit of 1,700,000,000 marks (about \$404,600,000) for the end of this year. Following a futile debate with the five coalition parties, President von Hindenburg succeeded in bringing the parties together for a banquet, after which the leaders discovered a "formula of accord" acceptable to the Government and then pledged themselves to accept the Government's program of financial reform and give it an unconditional vote of confidence. On the following day Chancellor Müller's Coalition Cabinet received its vote of confidence.

**Approval
and
Confidence**

Great Britain.—Immediately following its victory in the passage of its unemployment insurance measure, the Labor Government faced new difficulties in presenting the bill for coal-mine legislation. The most serious opposition to unemployment insurance came from the radical extremists within the Labor party. But in the so-called coal bill, the Laborites were firmly united and the attack was from the opposition parties. The Conservatives and Liberals were not united, however, in their amendments to the bill; and, though opposed to this major measure, they both indicated that they had no desire of forcing Labor to resign the Government. Public opinion, besides, was strongly in favor of the continuance of the Labor Cabinet in view of the meeting of the five-Power naval conference in January. Among the more important proposals of the coal bill were the following: the limiting of output and fixing of minimum price by the national district organization of mine-owners; a levy on domestic coal producers to help British coal exporters meet competition from the continental countries; the reduction of working time by one-half hour; the settlement of wage disputes by the National Industrial Board. No provisions were made in the bill in regard to wage claims; nor were there any references to the nationalization or government ownership of mines. Though the mine owners were empowered to fix marketing schemes, prices and output, they were subject to a limited Government control, since they were obliged to secure the approval of the British Board of Trade for their plans. The objection that the bill would increase the price of coal for domestic use was met by the provision that would set up committees of investigation for complaints in regard to unfair charges. The miners approved the bill; the owners did not favor it. After a debate of several days, the bill passed its second reading on December 19 by a vote of 281 to 273.

Ireland.—After a session which consisted, according to Sean T. O'Kelly, of only twelve working days, the Dail went in to recess from early December until the middle of February. This period of legislative inactivity was utilized by Eamon De Valera to visit the United States in an effort to collect funds to subsidize the daily paper which he has striven, during the past few years, to organize. The adjournment of the Dail was protested against by the Fianna Fail and Labor deputies, who believed that Government consideration should have been given to the unemployment situation. According to the Government, which proves its case by statistics, there has been a decided increase in the numbers of people employed and new factories have created a demand for more workers. According to the critics, the amount of unemployment this year is greater than in preceding years; their view was confirmed by the frequent demonstrations of the unemployed in Dublin. The truth of the matter, as reported by our correspondent, is that, though there is an increase in employment, there is also an increase in the number of those seeking work, due partly to the falling off of emigration and partly to the poor conditions in agriculture.

Nicaragua.—On December 16, Congress opened. The chief note in President Moncada's speech was the discussion of the Government's troubles with the rebels and bandits, and the attitude of the United States marines in the situation. He insisted that these last were benefactors of the nation and that the United States Government in general had given every evidence that it did not wish to obtain any foothold in the country, but to aid the nation to lasting peace. The President also discussed the accomplishments and problems of the National Guard, public education, and public works. Financially, he was able to report a surplus of more than \$2,400,000.

Poland.—The Opposition group submitted to President Moscicki a list of new Ministers who would have the full support of a majority in Parliament. The President, however, entered into conversations with prominent politicians outside the Sejm party. Former Premier Bartel, who resigned last April, was the first to be received by the President. No statement was made by M. Moscicki, but it was stated that Professor Bartel would have the cooperation of Parliament were he to be returned as Premier. Representatives of the Left and Center blocs sent the President a written statement of their policies and a demand for a Government which would cooperate with the Sejm and obey the Constitution.

Russia.—A decree was issued on November 22 by the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union by which Soviet citizens residing abroad who refuse to obey the summons of their Government to return to Russia will be adjudged guilty of treason. When finally taken into custody they will be shot within twenty-four hours after identity has been established. The decree is retroactive; it outlaws such persons and confiscates their property, and includes a large number of professional Russians now in Europe or in the United States.

Vatican City.—One hundred and thirty-six English martyrs, who died for the Faith between the years 1541 and 1680, were solemnly beatified by the Holy Father on December 15. The ceremonies were attended by many English ecclesiastics and laymen, including Cardinal Bourne and the Archbishops of Cardiff, Birmingham, and Liverpool. The complete list of the new Beati, which includes laymen and women, Religious, both lay and clerics, and secular priests, is given below. The order is chronological. Names without other designation are those of lay martyrs.

Reign of Henry VIII: David Gonson, K.St.J., John Ireland, secular priest.

Reign of Elizabeth: John Slade, John Bodey, James Fenn, sec. pr., Thomas Hemerford, sec. pr., John Nutter, sec. pr., John Munden, sec. pr., James Bell, sec. pr., John Finch, Richard Gwyn, Thomas Alfield, sec. pr., Edward Stransham, sec. pr., Margaret Clitherow, Robert Anderton, sec. pr., William Marsden, sec. pr., Richard Langley, William Dean, sec. pr., William Gunter, sec.

pr., Robert Morton, sec. pr., Hugh More, Thomas Holford, sec. pr., James Claxton, sec. pr., Thomas Felton, O.Minim, Richard Leigh, sec. pr., Edward Shelley, Richard Martin, Richard Flower, John Roche, Margaret Ward, Robert Wilcox, sec. pr., Edward Campion, sec. pr., Christopher Buxton, sec. pr., Robert Widmerpool, Ralph Crockett, sec. pr., Edward James, sec. pr., John Robinson, sec. pr., William Hartley, sec. pr., Robert Sutton, John Hewett, sec. pr., John Amias, sec. pr., Robert Dalby, sec. pr., Christopher Bales, sec. pr., Francis Dickenson, sec. pr., Miles Gerard, sec. pr., Edward Jones, sec. pr., Anthony Middleton, sec. pr., Roger Dickenson, sec. pr., Ralph Milner, Laurence Humphrey, Edmund Genings, sec. pr., Swithin Wells, Eustace White, sec. pr., Polydore Plasden, sec. pr., Brian Lacey, John Mason, Sidney Hodgson, William Patenson, sec. pr., Edward Waterson, sec. pr., James Bird, John Speed, William Harrington, sec. pr., John Cornelius, S.J., Thomas Bosgrave, John Carey, Patrick Salmon, John Boste, sec. pr., John Ingram, sec. pr., George Swallowell, Robert Southwell, S.J., Alexander Rawlins, sec. pr., Henry Walpole, S.J., William Freeman, sec. pr., Philip Howard Earl of Arundel, Henry Abbot, William Andleby, sec. pr., Thomas Warcop, Edward Fulthrop, John Jones, O.F.M., John Rigby, John Pibush, sec. pr., Mark Barkworth, O.S.B., Anne Line, James Duckett, Robert Watkinson, sec. pr., Francis Page, S.J., William Richardson, sec. pr.

Reign of James I: Thomas Welbourne, William Browne, Nicholas Owen, S.J., Edward Oldcorne, S.J., Ralph Ashley, S.J., George Gervase, O.S.B., Thomas Garnet, S.J., George Napper, sec. pr., Thomas Somers, sec. pr., John Roberts, O.S.B., William Scott, O.S.B., Richard Newport, sec. pr., John Almond, sea. pr., Thomas Maxfield, sec. pr., Thomas Tunstal, sec. pr.

Reign of Charles I: Edmund Arrowsmith, S.J., Richard Herst, William Ward, sec. pr., Edward Barlow, O.S.B., Thomas Reynolds, sec. pr., Bartholomew Roe, O.S.B., John Lockwood, sec. pr., Edward Catherick, sec. pr., Hugh Green, sec. pr., Thomas Holland, S.J., John Duckett, sec. pr., Ralph Corby, S.J., Henry Morse, S.J., Philip Powel, O.S.B.

The Commonwealth: Peter Wright, S.J., John Southworth, sec. pr.

Reign of Charles II: Edward Coleman, William Ireland, S.J., Henry Grove, Thomas Pickering, O.S.B., Thomas Whitbread, S.J., William Harcourt, S.J., John Fenwick, S.J., John Gavan, S.J., Anthony Turner, S.J., Richard Langhorne, John Plesington, sec. pr., Philip Evans, S.J., John Lloyd, sec. pr., John Wall, O.F.M., John Kemble, sec. pr., David Lewis, S.J., Thomas Thwing, sec. pr., William Howard Viscount Stafford.

Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J., the Scots missionary hanged in 1613, whose cause was introduced with that of the English martyrs, was separately beatified on December 22.

The secret consistory of December 16, witnessed the elevation to the Cardinalate of the following prelates: the Patriarch of Lisbon, the Archbishops of Palermo, Genoa, Armagh, and Paris, and Msgr.

Eugenio Pacelli, Papal Nuncio at Berlin (AMERICA, December 7). The new

Cardinals were invested with the insignia of their office in the public consistory of December 19. The same day the Pope issued an Encyclical on Catholic Action and the retreat movement, which will be analyzed next week.

On December 20, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, the Holy Father left the precincts of Vatican City, and went to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, where he celebrated Mass in the presence of a few attendants from his household and the students of the Lombard Seminary. The event had not been previously announced, and very few people in Rome knew that the long seclusion of the Pope had thus been quietly terminated until several hours later.

Disarmament.—A White Paper, issued by the British Foreign Office on December 18, explained that the optional arbitration clause of the World Court protocol, recently signed by Great Britain, was a necessary complement of the Kellogg treaty. Under article XVI of the League covenant there could be no more neutrals, nor among signers of the Kellogg treaty. Therefore, with a "fundamental change in the whole question of belligerent rights," neutral freedom of the seas would be greatly modified. Stirred, apparently, by alarmed American comments, a supplementary statement on December 16 restricted this absence of neutrality primarily to League members; but the words of the original declaration still stood.

Arriving in Washington December 16, on their way to London with the Japanese naval delegation, former Premier Reijiro Wakatsuki and Admiral Takarabe stated to the press that Japan would insist on having seventy per cent of the highest number of 10,000-ton cruisers allotted to any Power. However, this was softened by a willingness to modify the cruiser and destroyer percentages, provided a corresponding increase in submarines should be allowed: keeping, however, the seventy-per-cent ratio in auxiliary craft as a whole. This introduction of a new policy since the Washington treaty was justified by the greater lightness and speed of cruisers as compared with battleships (which the United States had to reduce in view of the giving up of her Guam fortifications).

Reparations Question.—A deadlock threatened from the Little Entente demands (1) that if no payments are made before 1943, Hungary should settle when her loan through the League of Nations is then liquidated; (2) if no agreement is reached, then 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 gold crowns should be paid Hungary in reparations. The Hungarian position was ardently affirmed in the Hungarian Parliament, Count Bethlen maintaining that she was not bound to any reparations after 1943, in virtue of the previous understanding, and that article 250 of the Trianon Treaty could not be waived. George Mironescu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, stated in reply that Rumania would accept no compromise.

British Stand on Neutrality

Japanese Demands

Hungarian Deadlock

Next week's issue will be AMERICA's annual review of the year. The Chronicle will recall for each of the principal countries the main events that have occurred. The Editor will review the Church year in the United States, and John LaFarge will cast an appraising eye over international affairs; Philip H. Burkett will examine progress and failure in sociology, and Francis M. Crowley will do likewise for education.

To commemorate the Feast of the Epiphany, two days later, Mary H. Kennedy will contribute "Gifts of the Wise Men."

Hilaire Belloc will have a timely article entitled "Hatred Among Nations."

Six New Cardinals

Pope Goes to Lateran Basilica

AMERICA

A - CATHOLIC - REVIEW - OF - THE - WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1929

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Governor Roosevelt's Choice

THE State and the country have accepted Governor Roosevelt, of New York, as an energetic and enlightened executive. He enforces the laws, and provides, within the limits of his constitutional powers, for the general welfare. But he never forgets that what we glibly call "economic progress" is not necessarily a prop of the general welfare. Factories and banks, railroads and canals, are well enough in their way. But they do not constitute the State's highest good, and in a conflict with human rights they must yield.

At a public meeting held last week in New York, the Governor referred to the fact that certain manufacturing concerns were threatening to leave the State for milder fields south of the Mason and Dixon line. Like some of their brethren in New England, they find this climate too trying, and have so informed the Governor. "The first thing you know," a committee reported to him, "New York will not be the first manufacturing State in the Union. Some other State will pass us."

This possibility does not alarm the Governor, but he is willing to do what is possible to soothe. "If we were to eliminate the workmens' compensation act," he asked, "and do away with group insurance, and let down the bars on the employment of children in industry, and ease up a bit on the corporation tax that helps to maintain our educational and social welfare works—would that keep the factories from moving out?" "Yes," they answered, "it would." "In that case," rejoined the Governor, "let the factories go."

That the factories will go is not highly probable. But if the price we must pay to keep them is the destruction of the State social-welfare policy, there can be no hesitation. No State can pay that price and remain within the limits which entitle it to be deemed civilized. The State is bound by its very nature to adopt all reasonable

means for its self-preservation. It is further bound to choose, whenever possible, not only the means which preserve it in being, but which also promote its well-being. It is bound by another title, also founded in the natural law, to protect the individual and to promote his welfare in all those contingencies in which the individual's sole efforts are impotent.

Hence it may not permit the establishment of any industry which makes slaves of children, or impedes their mental, moral, and religious training, or which by refusing to pay a living wage, tends to create a servile class. On the contrary, it is bound by its duty to itself and its duty to the citizen, to forbid all such industries. Such action may check, temporarily, economic growth, or, more correctly, it will prevent the accumulation of riches by a few through the exploitation of the weak. In the long run, it promotes healthy economic activity, and that is the only economic activity which truly contributes to the general welfare.

The South has learned the folly of inducing Northern industry to migrate by the lure of child labor, no unions, and a *laissez faire* labor policy. It is highly improbable that so unblushingly plain an invitation will be again issued. We applaud Governor Roosevelt's choice, and thank him for the lesson which it teaches.

Slip-Noose or Guard of Honor?

LAST week the Secretary of State was obliged to turn from his protocols and codices to bestow a most menacing frown upon John A. Valls, the State's attorney at Laredo, Texas, and upon his trusty sheriff, Joe Condren. These gentlemen had, and have, a warrant for one Elias Calles, which they are anxious to serve, to the end that the said Calles may plead in due form before a jury of his peers (if a jury of that kind can be found) on an indictment charging conspiracy to murder.

Diplomacy avoids rude terms, but Texas uses them when necessary. Mr. Condren averred that, when panoplied with authority from his sovereign State, he was ready to storm far stronger fortresses than George M. Pullman's sleepers. Elias Calles would look to him like any other man under an indictment for felony, and he would not be answerable for what might happen were the said Calles to offer resistance.

But diplomacy held the winning card, and the sheriff of Webb county, Texas, retired to his office foiled. The Secretary of State intervened to say that Elias Calles is protected against arrest, even for a felony, by "his diplomatic quality." He has been engaged, writes the Secretary, "in diplomatic conversations on international matters with representatives of the United States," thereby acquiring immunity "from arrest or molestation." His train passed through Laredo without stopping, under a guard of U. S. Marines, but Mr. Valls has the last word. "A Government that has deliberately placed diplomatic arms around the greatest exponent of Bolshevism in the western hemisphere," writes Mr. Valls to Secretary Stimson, "should express no surprise at the honest efforts of officials to enforce the laws of Texas."

Whether these diplomatic "conversations" confer immunity for life, so that Elias Calles may carry it with him like his skin, or only for the calendar year, the Secretary does not say. But the point is academic. The Federal Government will no doubt make a show of military force against the State of Texas every time Mr. Calles chooses to pass that way, at least as long as Judge Valls and Sheriff Condren hold the fort. Moreover, since when did "diplomatic immunity" confer freedom from prosecution when the indictment is for a felony?

Endowments for Education

NO Catholic college or university in the country has an endowment in productive funds that is adequate, and only a few have any endowment at all. Many years ago, the late Dr. F. P. Mall, of Johns Hopkins, after conducting a survey of the medical school of St. Louis University, remarked "Splendid work is done here. But how can you keep it up without an endowment?" What Dr. Mall did not then realize he later learned. In common with every Catholic college, the University had an endowment in men who gave their services free.

In an announcement recently issued by St. Louis University, this truth is given special point. The financial endowment of the University is only \$1,500,000, but "a fund of \$9,660,000 at five-per-cent interest would be required to yield an income sufficient to pay the Jesuit members of the faculty alone the same salaries as are paid by the University to laymen holding corresponding rank on its faculty." A proportionately large endowment is contributed by the priests, Sisters, and Brothers connected with the University's Corporate Colleges, and with its hospitals.

Now these facts cannot be dismissed with the easy comment that all is as it should be, since no Religious Order founds schools and colleges for the purpose of making money. The comment is often made, but it is wide of the mark. It evinces, in substance, a willingness to trade upon heroic charity. Like the self-sacrificing physician, the teacher and the college merit esteem, reverence, and adequate support. Both must live, and expenses cannot be met by good wishes. How long can the Religious Orders continue to bear this burden? Young men and women must be maintained through the long years of study and research, which precede admission to the higher degrees. The older men who have known the heat and labor of the day cannot be turned out like useless animals, or thrown on the scrap heap like a worn-out machine, and the sick must be cared for. This calls for money, and no Religious Order has a mint or even a modest endowment. It is the literal truth to say that the largest Catholic Universities in this country are maintained by casual charity. The question now arises—how long can Catholic higher education struggle on? With what heart can an administrator plan the foundation of a medical school, sorely needed in his section of the country, or a strong graduate school, which demands an almost appalling outlay for laboratories and special libraries? Even the college is not the comparatively simple institution of

fifty years ago. It too has many needs which cannot be met by professional devotion, but by money only. The Catholic University recognized this when it recently called for an endowment of \$30,000,000.

The problem of college and university finance is indeed complicated, and we are far from thinking that we have a solution. Our sole purpose is to stress the fact that our institutions are in dire need, and that far too many Catholics appear to think them opulent. An imposing group of buildings would bring in a good return, possibly, were they transformed into high-class apartments; otherwise they mean outlay. A beautiful campus in or on the edge of a large city would enrich the owner if cut up into building lots, but in its present form it is, financially, a liability not an asset. Were the whole institution sold, a large sum of money would be received, but then there would be no Catholic college.

All this may seem too trite for utterance, and to the educational world at large, it is. But we have not yet reached the period in which the wealthy Catholic recognizes and, as a rule, meets his obligation in loyalty to the Church's mission, by contributing to the support of Catholic higher education.

Two Kinds of Nullification

THE doctrine did not perish with Calhoun, as some have thought. The Prohibitionists do not suffer us to forget that it is still a reality, vital and aggressive, and we agree with them. Every State which declines to adopt Prohibition legislation, they claim, is guilty of nullification, and, unfortunately, there is no Andrew Jackson in the White House to threaten a few hangings. The Free State of Maryland, and "the people of the State of New York, by the grace of God, free and independent," run on in the even, prosperous tenor of their ways, and Washington continues to tolerate them. From the Prohibitionist point of view, the country is on the brink of destruction, since all that is good and true and just is bound up in Mr. Volstead's legislation.

From the constitutional viewpoint, another aspect is possible. For while the Eighteenth Amendment—if it is an Amendment—confers certain powers upon the Federal Government, with reference to the suppression of the traffic in alcoholic beverages, it confers none whatever upon the sovereign States. The States possess unchanged the rights and duties inherent in them, in this respect, and the Amendment neither restricts nor widens them. But the Amendment nowhere clothes the Federal Government with the right to force the States to enact legislation. Conceivably, the States might have conceded this right, but they did not do it in the Eighteenth Amendment. The States are under no obligation to second Federal legislation by parallel legislation; still less, are they obliged to enforce it. The Constitution empowers Congress to enact statutes regulating the currency, and punishing counterfeiting. It does not follow, however, that parallel legislation is an obligation upon the States, or that the States should maintain a secret service for the detection of counterfeiters.

In a similar manner, granting the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment and of the Volstead legislation, no State may authorize what the Federal legislation forbids. That course would properly constitute nullification. It is also true that no State is under any obligation, arising from the Eighteenth Amendment, to call out the militia to enforce the Volstead Act, or to adopt any Prohibition legislation whatever. Its power in this respect is its own, to be exercised or restrained as is deemed proper for the common good.

If it is possible to nullify Federal sumptuary legislation, we must not forget that it is also possible to nullify the rights of sovereign States. Nullification of these incomparably more important rights is a direct consequence of the attempt to force the States to give effect to an alleged duty imposed by the Eighteenth Amendment.

Mr. Reed's Foreign Foe

BROTHER DANIEL A. REED, of the State of New York, arose in the House on December 11. The House had been talking about the tariff, it would appear from the *Record*, but with all his sympathy for agar and barbed wire, a warmer feeling beat in Mr. Reed's bosom at that moment. He asked and received permission to address the House for fifteen minutes, on the subject of a Federal Department of Education.

At the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. Chalmers, of Illinois, addressed his brethren on the "Diversion of Water at Chicago," and Mr. Johnson, of Washington, followed with some remarks on the installation of an electric-light plant in the Indian village of Taholah. Mr. Abernethy, of North Carolina, then asked leave to read a news-item, telling how "Babe" Ruth, the "Sultan of Swat," was shooting ducks in his State. "I invite the membership of this House," said Mr. Abernethy, "to come down and hunt ducks and enjoy the hospitality of my district." The House next took up some reclamation problems, and a singularly varied day drew to an end without further mention of a Federal Department of Education.

Unhappily, a solemn warning issued by Mr. Reed, seems to have fallen upon deaf ears.

Foreign countries, he said, are lining up in opposition to his bill to establish a Federal Department of Education, and a Secretary of Education, with a seat in the cabinet, and a salary of \$12,000 per annum. This opposition daily grows stronger. It alone—or chiefly—has stood in the way of the Department of Education. The country appears to be unaware of this startling fact, and so does the Secretary of State. Congress knows it, or should know it after Mr. Reed's speech of December 11. But Congress took so little heed, that it at once turned to discuss the diversion of water in Chicago—a deprivation of which few citizens of Chicago, if prevalent rumors be true, are disposed to complain.

To arouse the country to resent this highly improper meddling with a purely domestic matter, we gladly unite our weak voice to the stentorian tones of Mr. Daniel A. Reed. "Much foreign opposition to this legislation has

developed," said Mr. Reed, "and through political channels it has thus far been highly effective in preventing consideration of the bill. This is not strange, in view of recent disclosures showing the active opposition of certain European Governments to our naturalization laws and our Americanization program. It is a startling revelation to find foreign Governments, supposedly friendly, establishing here in America social, political, fraternal and educational agencies, the chief and avowed object of which is to thwart our efforts at Americanization." Mr. Reed went on for some time in this strain, but we have given the heart of his plaint.

Possibly Mr. Reed may be able to work an effective exposure of these foreign influences by calling for an investigation of the various Committees and joint Committees which have declined to report the Federal education bills. If these Congressmen have yielded to foreign influences, the sooner the country is made aware of that fact, the more quickly can the offenders be held up to public obloquy.

On the other hand, an investigation might disclose the fact that these Committees were influenced in their action by the foreign character of the Federal education bill, reeking as it does of Hegelian State-supremacy and Napoleonic centralization. It is quite possible that they felt the bill to be wholly incompatible with the constitutional control of local schools by the several States.

Our heart bleeds for Mr. Reed facing a foe in foreign armor. But we do not know what aid, apart from giving his theory this publicity, we can afford him.

Public Utility Regulation

THE plan proposed by Mr. Norman Thomas has very much to recommend it. Mr. Thomas does not believe that the public is adequately protected by public-service commissions "which occasionally interfere from the outside with the attempts of the companies to obtain maximum profits." This protection should be given by "public representatives on corporations, working constructively on the inside, and aiming at production and distribution costs."

Perhaps it is not quite fair to ask who will guard these guards of the public's interest, especially when we like the present methods as little as does Mr. Thomas. The real remedy, Mr. Thomas thinks, lies in public ownership, but he realizes that private ownership of public utilities "is likely to remain with us for a long time." In the meantime, he suggests several changes which are calculated to make the work of the public-service commission more useful to the public.

The first is the common-sense change, more than once urged in these pages, which consists in giving the commission a respectable engineering and accounting staff. The commission which thinks that its one expert, retained on a salary of \$8,000, can compete with a dozen high-priced experts retained by a wealthy corporation, evinces a touching faith in the noble impulses of human nature; but at that point, its worth to the public ceases.

Even a politician cannot make bricks without clay.

Exit the Missing Links

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, S.J.

THE stream of evolution, especially of human evolution, never runs smoothly long. Someone is always "throwing in a pebble of dissent," and scientists themselves are doing most of the throwing these days. A striking example of this is the article "The Controversy over Human 'Missing Links'" by Gerrit S. Miller, Jr., Curator, Division of Mammals, U. S. National Museum. This paper is contained in the "Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution—1928," pp. 413-465.

Dr. Miller writes clearly and is concerned quite entirely with a presentation of the facts relative to the two fossils from Java and Piltdown. He presents the case in an orderly, easily intelligible way and leaves it to the reader to draw his conclusions as to the worth of these fossils. The present article will consist largely in summarizing Dr. Miller's paper to which, it is to be hoped, the reader will refer. (The bibliography which Dr. Miller appends to his article is immensely valuable.)

Dr. Miller first defines a "missing link" (p. 414):

Many persons suppose that such a link must have been something in the nature of a hybrid, a monster, or a freak. Nothing could be more incorrect. Whether, as some authorities believe, evolution moves onward by the gradual changing of whole populations of creatures, or whether, as others consider more likely, it moves by a less uniform process in which individual peculiarities play an important part, a missing link can never be anything else than perfectly normal. At the time when it lived there must have been many individuals like it; and the reason why some of the links which have been found in groups of animals not related to man are represented by one specimen is that fossils, on the whole, are rare.

Later he tells us what is needed in a "missing link" (pp. 422-423):

Properly to qualify as a "missing link," a "find" would have to show that it was part of a creature which had some of the essential characteristics of both humans and apes. It would not be necessary that all parts should be intermediate to exactly the same degree, for, as Sir Arthur Keith very properly points out, evolution has its discordancies, and in the course of racial development one organ commonly alters its structure at a different rate from another. But there are two requisites which could not be dispensed with—first that more than one part of the animal should be discovered, and second, that these parts should have unquestionably belonged together. . . . The reason why more than one part of the supposed link must be known is this—namely, that one part of an animal not infrequently resembles the corresponding part of another to which it is not nearly related. . . . It follows, therefore, first that a single tooth, bone, or fragment of a fossil bone which resembles the corresponding part of the human skeleton does not necessarily pertain to a creature nearly related to man, and second, that even if such a single fragment were exactly intermediate in structure between the corresponding part of man and of some particular kind of great ape it would not furnish evidence of the existence of an animal whose total structure was similarly intermediate.

Furthermore at the beginning of his discussion of the human fossils he says (p. 415):

Human missing links might therefore be creatures of three different kinds—(a) races of men which had not lost all their

ape-like peculiarities, (b) races of apes which had begun to take on human characteristics, or (c) races which were neither exactly men nor exactly apes but which combined the characteristics of both.

And again he notes carefully the human fossils found (pp. 415-416):

As the result of seventy years of effort these tireless workers have made exactly two "finds"—no more—which are of such a nature that they can be seriously regarded as furnishing the looked-for direct evidence of man's blood relationship with animals resembling in some general manner the present-day gorilla and chimpanzee. These two "finds" are known, respectively, from the places where they were unearthed, as the "Java ape man" or "Trinil man" (*Pithecanthropus erectus* Dubois), and the "Piltdown dawn man" (*Eoanthropus Dawsonii* Smith Woodward). The former was discovered in 1891-92 near Trinil, central Java, the latter about twenty years afterward at Piltdown, Sussex, England.

Passing on to a discussion of these two "finds" he first summarizes (pp. 428-432) what is known as the Java ape man, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, which consists "of a skullcap, a femur, and two lower molar teeth . . . a third tooth, a lower premolar, has also been described but it has not figured conspicuously in the discussion" (p. 424). Dr. Miller states (p. 428): "There is only one point on which all writers agree, namely, that the skullcap is strangely different from the corresponding part of other known mammals, both recent and fossil. In striking contrast we find that there are not less than fifteen points of disagreement."

He then lists these fifteen points or headings and indicates disagreement exhaustively under each. Only some of the discordant opinions can be indicated here:

Geologic Age: Tertiary; Quaternary.

Bones belonged to: One animal; several animals; teeth and skullcap to gibbon, femur to man; skullcap and femur to man, teeth to orang; skullcap to ape, teeth to another kind of ape, femur to man.

Femur: human; microcephalous idiot; Neanderthal; gibbon; chimpanzeelike, etc.

Creature was: an imbecile; idiot; had some power of speech; had human, but limited, speech, etc.

Teeth: human; simian; gibbon; orang.

When we total up we find fifty-four different and contradictory opinions under fifteen different headings about four pieces of bone!

He then passes on to the Piltdown Dawn Man, *Eoanthropus Dawsonii*, which consists of: (1) four pieces (reconstructed from nine fragments) of a skullcap and an imperfect lower jaw having two molar teeth; (2) a second set of fragments—a pair of nasal bones, a canine tooth; (3) a third set of fragments—two more fragments of skull, a third molar tooth. Dr. Miller writes at length about the various opinions concerning *Eoanthropus* and again states (p. 441): "There is only one point on which all authors agree—namely, that the fragments of the brain case and the nearly complete nasal bones pertain to a man. In striking contrast we find

that there are not less than twenty points of disagreement."

Again we summarize:

Geologic Age: Pliocene; Pleistocene.

Bones belonged to: one creature who was (1) direct ancestor (a) of modern man, or (b) of Neanderthal, or (c) of a line leading to neither; (2) a missing link. Skull to man, jaw and teeth to ape; skull and jaw to man, canine tooth to ape; skull to one man, jaw to a different kind of man; to two different species of man.

Jaw: chinless, not chinless; straight, horseshoe-shaped. It belonged to: an ape; a chimpanzee; orang-like; Neanderthal; human.

Canine tooth: a milk tooth; a permanent tooth; degree of wear too great (not too great) to be milk tooth; an upper and most like the permanent canine of chimpanzee, a lower milk canine of a man.

Molar teeth: a great ape's; not a great ape's; chimpanzee; not chimpanzee; nearest to *Dryopithecus*; human.

Brain capacity: 1,100 cc.; 1,170 cc.; 1,400 cc.; 1,415 cc.

Again we find under twenty headings, fifty-seven opinions largely about seven pieces of bone (first set), though at times the second and third sets come into the discussion.

After all this tabulation, Dr. Miller concludes (pp. 445-6):

Having now reviewed the salient points in the controversy over human "missing links," we are probably in as good position as we are every likely to be to form a definite opinion about the lessons taught by the discoveries of Dubois and Dawson—that is to say, so long as the specimens which these men found mark the limits of our knowledge. For the intense scrutiny to which the fragments have been subjected seems to have wrung from them the last secrets which they can have held. Two facts, if no others, must be admitted to stand out from the maze of opinion which we have been trying to follow—namely, that these fossils have furnished an unparalleled stimulus to investigation, and that the things most needed now are more fossils and many of them. While awaiting these further discoveries we should not hesitate to confess that in place of demonstrable links between man and other mammals we now possess nothing more than some fossils so fragmentary that they are susceptible of being interpreted either as such links or as something else.

Apropos of this scarcity of missing links, it might be well to quote a recent writer who says: "Someone has pointed out that the fact that fossil remains of apes are comparatively rare may be due to the increasing cleverness of these animals, which were not often caught in such situations as those in which fossils form." The one who wrote that must have a fine sense of humor! Picture a prehistoric ape being discourteous enough to indulge his cleverness in refusing to become a fossil for the benefit of subsequent generations. Clever ape!

Dr. Miller warns against drawing any inference against Evolution in general, and it is to be sincerely hoped that all will heed his warning against any such illogicality. Dr. Miller has delivered a body blow, yes, a decided "knock-out," to the argument from paleontology as far as human missing links are concerned. This and only this has he done.

But it is equally to be hoped that scientists themselves will heed Dr. Miller's devastating paper. Unfortunately, many have been all too prone to be dogmatic on this subject of "missing links," their dogmatism varying in inverse proportion to the scientific value of their statements.

It might be well to reprint here the words of Sir Bertram C. A. Windle ("Darwin and Darwinism," p. 7, 1912) wherewith Dr. Miller prefaces his article (p. 412):

The ordinary non-scientific person cannot be expected to embrace, and ought not to be expected to embrace, any scientific opinion until it may be asserted of that opinion that the genuine scientific world is fairly unanimous in giving its adherence to it.

The foremost scientists of today are so nearly unanimous that we find 111 discordant opinions under thirty-five headings about two "finds"!

Thus we stand today: Neanderthal has been proved to be human (AMERICA, November 10, 1928), and Heidelberg has been robbed of his isolation and gathered in to the race of men (AMERICA, December 29, 1928), *Hesperopithecus* is just a pig (AMERICA, March 31, 1928); and Java's second skull was an elephant's knee (AMERICA, January 22, 1927). And now—*Pithecanthropus* and *Eoanthropus* are names with no one to possess them.

"It Was Here . . ."

HILAIRE BELLOC

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ANY ONE who writes a good deal, as I do, finds that there are some matters where he is sure of the interest of his fellow-beings. Others he soon finds out to be of interest to himself alone and not to them. And upon these, if he is wise, he will not write.

For instance, I have a strong interest in the great characters of history, and there most other people are interested too. But I also take a strong interest in the details of old battles, and in the exact value of money at various dates—but on these two points I can get very few people to agree with me that they are worth bothering about.

Now there is a third set of subjects, on which I am always in doubt. I am never quite sure whether the great interest I myself take in them is shared by others or not. One of these is *Sites*—the places where great things have happened, the "genius" of the place and its fate. To me it is the most fascinating pursuit in the world: to discover exactly where a thing happened, if the matter is in doubt; to visit in person the place where some great event has passed, and if possible, to follow out the details of it upon the ground: to look on certain walls and say, "These walls were also gazed upon, so many centuries ago, by this commander or that saint in this or that great moment of his life."

It is most of all in the lonely and deserted places that I feel this emotion; far more than in the populous ones: for in these last there is a sort of blur of memories, and there has been change, the passing and repassing of too many human scenes. You may stand at the Horse Guards and look across the street to Whitehall and, when you have decided (upon your evidence) which window it was from which King Charles I stepped out to his death you can take your fill of that great memory. But at the same time you have the death of his son within the same walls, the struggle of James II for the holding of Mass in the Royal Chapel, the summons (in Dutch) bidding him

rise at midnight when he lost his throne. And behind that the memory of the first surrender of church land when Wolsey was compelled to give up his palace, which stood there, to the tyranny of Henry VIII.

But in the lonely places, the deserted sites of ancient greatness, you can, I think, visualize the past more clearly, and the peopling by imagination of the emptiness makes it more arresting than crowds.

There is a little eating place on Carthage Hill in North Africa, just above the small railway station there. I delight when I travel in that part to sit in the pleasant veranda of the place, and watch the slopes of the Byrsa. Today it seems but a knoll, not very high nor very steep, in a bare countryside; but as the feature of a dense town it must have been conspicuous, and it was up this slope that the Roman army poured in the dreadful night when Carthage was sacked. Where you have now a piece of rough grass, above it the monastery of the White Fathers with their museum, and the modern basilica on the spot where St. Louis died, there were then the piled-up palaces of the Carthaginian nobles, and upon the summit above them the great temple of their savage god, their Moloch. Below, two shrunken pools are all that remain of the harbor: but, so gazing, you soon recover in your mind the mighty city, mile upon mile, with that temple-crowned summit in its midst, and its calm sea crowded with shipping and the huge walls stretching off away across the plain.

Or you may call to mind something that has disappeared as utterly: the great city of Aquileia, a bishopric which rivaled Milan, which maintained its patriarchate for centuries, and which was the capital of all that eastern plain of northern Italy over against Venice. Today there is nothing to see—a stone or two, a piece of one tower, if I remember right, and, with care, you may make out the tracing of certain of the streets. But, Attila destroyed it. There is a tradition that he watched it burning, having set up a throne upon the Castle Hill of Udine, whence he could see the flames on the southern horizon.

I have the same feeling of another place, Tarragona. It is still a town, and a very beautiful one. It still has its harbor, and a fairly busy trade. But two thousand years ago there were a million men within its walls. It has shrunken to but a hundredth of its ancient size; and over all the space it covered you can find no trace of it at all, save just in the quarter by the sea and at the site of the citadel where the modern town stands.

The battlefields are famous for that same evocation of the past and for their desolation today. The northern shore of Lake Trasimene, where the whole Roman army fell before Hannibal, is a place of reeds with the same narrow way between the hills and the water as made a death trap for the Italian soldiers all those centuries ago. You may brood upon the tremendous event undisturbed. No one visits it. Nothing living there will interrupt your dream. It is deserted.

And Cannae is still more lonely—a wide, empty, dusty plain, not a thing standing upon it, and the muddy river rolling through its crumbling trench as it rolled

when the pressure of the Gallic horsemen and the Moors forced the last of the great Roman armies into the flood.

There is a place where the whole fate of Christendom was decided, at what is oddly called the Battle of Poitiers or Tours (though it is many miles north from Poitiers and south from Tours). It is the space between two rivers, the Clain and the Vienne; the most northern point which the Mohammedans reached in their attack upon Europe. It was here that the great hosts watched each other, Charles leading the Franks, and opposing him the white burnouses of the Moslems and their small fiery horses tethered. They watched each other thus for a week; then they fought it out in vast numbers, and the Asiatics were forced back and fell away; and our future was secured. If they had had the victory we should be Moslem today.

For centuries that site was lost, though the peasants had kept a memory of it and called it the "battlefield." It has now been established again, and we are sure of it. But no one goes there. It lies empty, unvisited. There is not even a monument to mark the spot. And when one thinks of the trouble men take to commemorate a politician or a rich landlord by a statue, one is moved to meditate upon the lack of proportion they show in their consideration of the past.

The place where Harold fell at Hastings is marked by nothing more than the ruined stones of Battle Abbey's high altar, standing in the gardens behind the house. And the place where Charles I turned rein to fly after his decisive defeat at Naseby, is a bare field having before it, to remind one of that day, nothing but two shallow depressions, hardly noticeable. When you ask what these may be you learn that they are all that shows now of the pits where they buried the Welsh infantry, slaughtered in the Parliamentary cavalry charge.

And the tomb of Alfred, in front of the high altar of Hyde Abbey, outside the north wall of Winchester, lay a ruin from the time of the sack at the Reformation to little more than a hundred years ago, when it was desecrated and the materials sold, and on its site a work-house built; and today there is a row of villas.

So one may go on, up and down Europe, visiting the places where great things have happened, and say, "It was here. . . ." And as one stops and looks at each, one is either alone, or in the midst of men who have forgotten all these things.

SCULPTURE

Who can capture
The rippling rapture—
Bright and wistfully brief—
In the hue of a leaf?

Needless are words
In the nimble notes of birds;
And oh, what singing power
Is vested in a flower!

Yet proudest music lifts—
Austere and lone
In majestic overtone—
From leaf and bird and flower carved in stone.

J. CORSON MILLER.

The Shadow Across the Moon

MYLES CONNOLLY

MR. UPTON SALES, tall and leisurely with spats and cane and fur-collared coat, walked triumphantly down Great Street. It was cold and clear, and the Street was a conflagration of electric fire. It was Christmas Eve and Mr. Sales walked very much as if he had created Christmas Eve. He looked about and above him at the crowds, at the brilliant shops, at the impersonations of Santa Claus on every street corner, and as he looked he smiled contentedly to himself. The crowds passed the great man by, but he did not care. They knew him not, but every tradesman, every shopkeeper, along the mad street knew him, and he knew they knew. Mr. Upton Sales: business adviser, consulting engineer, advertising executive; Mr. Sales of the famous slogan SALES FOR SALES, the genius who originated the great selling idea THE SHOPPING SPIRIT IS THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT, the man who more than any other had taken what he described as a merry superstition and converted it into a commercial carnival with his inspiring phrase: BUY TILL IT HURTS.

Mr. Sales, it must be admitted, did not originate the idea of Christmas. He would have admitted this himself. But he did feel responsible, in great measure, for the gaudy bedlam before him. He walked like a great impresario before his vast and colorful ensemble. An old lady stumbled by, laden with bundles. Mr. Sales smiled. He saw a sticker on a passing truck: GIVE MORE THAN YOU RECEIVE. And he smiled again. What a selling slogan that had been! Ordinary people had been growing tired of the Christmas exchange idea: You give me a gift and I'll give you a gift. Mr. Sales had, with his usual subtle sense, observed this unhealthy reaction. And he had cured it. Mr. Sales had pointed out in broadside after broadside of national advertising that such an exchange of gifts was most certainly a sordid thing and out of accord with the true Christmas spirit.

The way to circumvent this sordid connotation was, he said in glittering words, to return twice as much as you received. How simple it was! If you received a necktie from a friend give him two neckties back; if you received one book or one box of cigars give two books or two boxes of cigars in return. The public caught the magic idea. Trade increased. Everybody—particularly department-store owners—was happy. Even Mr. Sales was somewhat pleased with himself. He followed this public service with his memorable broadcast on Generosity. You remember it: those brave strong words in every newspaper and magazine of the country that bore the mighty message GENEROSITY IS THE FOUNTAIN SPRING OF HEALTH. Mr. Sales proved, as you recall, that Christmas buying—or as he would more poetically put it, Christmas generosity—was good for the appetite. No wonder, then, that Mr. Sales considered himself in great measure the creator of the giddy spectacle around him.

Mr. Sales carried no bundles. His face was benignly free of distress. He walked with a comfortable stride. When the crowd was too thick for him to move leisurely, he drew himself aloof against a wall or into a doorway until the rabble thinned enough to allow him undisputed way. Mr. Sales was good to look upon, tall and thin, with his red cheeks above the mink fur collar of his coat. He carried a cane well; and if his gray spats were a little soiled from the thin layer of trampled snow, nobody in the confusion noticed it. Mr. Sales, if you studied him, was superb. And yet he looked no more like Christmas Eve, and belonged no more to Christmas Eve, than a Chinese joss. I might go so far as to say that he had only a vague and erroneous idea of what Christmas is.

Mr. Sales' walk had carried him down Great Street out of the panic of vast and glittering stores into the quieter hubbub of poorer and smaller shops. He was about to turn back to the superior tumult when the figure of a giant Santa Claus caught his eye. Mr. Sales stopped and drew himself apart from the crowd, as was his manner, more closely to observe the unusual Santa Claus. Mr. Sales' eyes sparkled. Here was a Santa Claus after his own heart, a huge fellow of six feet and six inches, with a massive face and beard. He was dressed in the established Santa Claus custom, in red cotton trimmed with white imitation fur. He stood out from the crowd. The signboard on his back could be seen forty feet away! GIVE HER A PEERLESS ELECTRIC EXERCISER FOR CHRISTMAS.

Mr. Sales was delighted. He could not, despite his usual reserve, keep his enthusiasm to himself. He turned to a stranger standing beside him against the brick wall. "My friend," he said, "there is the perfect symbol of Christmas." The stranger did not answer a word. He was a little man with a small body and a chubby face. His red chilled hands were half-stuffed into the shallow pockets of a thin, worn overcoat. Mr. Sales looked down at him and saw under the haphazard brim of a brown felt hat a faint little winsome sad smile. Mr. Sales looked again. There was something in the smile beneath the undersized hat that caught his eye. He slipped off his glove and reached into his pocket for a dollar. "Please," said the man, and he said it so delicately that even the serene soul of Mr. Sales was disturbed. He put back on his glove. "Will you have a cigar?" Mr. Sales was trying to cover his embarrassment. Again the stranger smiled his winsome sad smile and shook his head.

There was nothing left for Mr. Sales to do but to say something. He said it: "Tonight I counted 342 Santa Clauses in twenty blocks—over fifteen a block. Last year I counted only 279. Next year I figure on 500. The year after—" The stranger looked up. "You are Mr. Sales, aren't you?—Mr. Upton Sales?" he interrupted. "Why—yes," admitted Mr. Sales, some-

what surprised and somewhat pleased, "how did you know?" The little man was blinking like a baby, as if the lights of Great Street were too much for him. "I read your book: 'Santa Claus the Greatest Salesman in History.' That was yours, wasn't it?" Mr. Sales beamed. This was admiration. Mr. Sales expanded. "I'm glad you liked my book," he said. "It was only a small contribution to the cause."

The giant Santa Claus plodded by them through the crowd, the signboard shifting to and fro untidily on his back. "You, I know, will understand me when I say that there goes a perfect symbol of Christmas." The two men watched the plodding giant disappear. "I happen to know," the little man remarked quietly, almost timidly, "that that particular Santa Claus is just now about starving to death." Mr. Sales was stunned. "Oh . . . yes . . . I see. Is that so?" he said.

Thus the conversation and the walk together began. The walk brought the two of them, the great man and the little man, into the Park, and up to the top of the tree-studded snow-white hill that crowns the Park. The moon was riding white and luminous and aloof in the blue-black silence above the mad city. The great man had been talking. "I suppose it is a bit commercial," he admitted, "but I have a better idea for next year. I plan to dress a thousand men as Santa Claus early in October and send them out each night with little hand bells into the residential districts. The youngsters will learn to look for them as they look for the ice-cream man and the hurdy-gurdy man. . . . Perhaps early in September will be better. Yes, of course it will be better."

He looked to the little man for corroboration. But the little man said nothing. He was gazing up at the moon. Mr. Sales was uneasy. This little man made him uneasy. Ever since that giant Santa Claus had passed he had felt uneasy. And for the first time in his life he had been unable to talk himself out of uneasiness.

Suddenly the little man spoke up. He was not smiling. "Did it ever occur to you," he asked, "that one of the fundamental things about Santa Claus is that he gives but he does not receive? Imagine Santa Claus climbing down a chimney and then climbing back with a ten-dollar gold piece or an Electric Exerciser. Imagine Santa Claus filling your stocking only if you filled his!"

Mr. Sales looked at him in amazement. "It's practically impossible," he sputtered, "for a full-grown man to come down a chimney—"

The little man paid no attention. "Once Santa Claus," he went on, "dropped the turkey or woolen socks or toys at the hearths of the poor. Now, a fanatic in uniform drives to the door in an automobile with CHARITY stuck on the windshield. Once it was Santa Claus who slipped in at midnight and left the toys of childhood, made more beautiful by his magic touch. Now he is a salesman. . . . I tell you Santa Claus is a poet, an adventurer. He comes once a year so that charity can be anonymous and romantic, and ordinary giving picturesque, so that childhood shall have its dream. . . ."

"Bosh!" interrupted Mr. Sales. "Santa Claus is a myth and a superstition—"

"Pouf for that!" returned the little man with spirit, "and pouf for you!"

He snapped his fingers right under the great man's nose. And then, suddenly, instantaneously, he disappeared!

Mr. Sales stood for a minute dumbfounded. A moment before the little man was talking, standing right there in front of him. Now he was gone. And the strange thing was, it occurred to Mr. Sales, that there was no place for him to go to.

Then, an even more extraordinary thing happened.

High up in the dark sky above Mr. Sales there was a sound. It was very much such a sound as deers might make in their snorting. Mr. Sales stared up at the stars, his mouth wide open. Then, there was another sound, such a sound as sleigh bells might make in their tinkling. Then came a crack and a crackle, very much as a whip might make. And then there came what seemed to Mr. Sales a merry voice calling: "Heigh-ho, my bawnies, heigh-ho!" . . .

Mr. Sales stared and saw nothing. In an instant the hullabaloo had vanished. Still, Mr. Sales stared. Then, he saw a shadow—a thin shadow, a long shadow such as a sleigh with three pair of deers might make—even such a shadow he saw flitting distantly, delicately across the moon.

Mr. Sales immediately sat down in the snow.

* * *

It was quiet at the Receiving Hospital. The nurse was still addressing Christmas cards at the little desk in the office. In the doctors' room, Raferty of the *Globe* and young Dr. Cohen had just finished a dull game of two-handed bridge.

"Nothing ever happens in this part of town on Christmas Eve," said Cohen as he packed the cards away. "It's quieter than a summer night. Hear the bells?"

"Yup, midnight," yawned Raferty. "Nothing but the neighbors starving to death. This is one night even the mugs are still. Around here anyway." He got disconsolately to his feet, and shuffled to the door. "Night, Abe," he said. "See you tomorrow."

Cohen prepared himself for a nap. Then, the buzzer brought him to attention. He reached for his white coat and stepped into the receiving room.

There, on the narrow white table, lay the unconscious body of a man garbed as Santa Claus. The nurse was removing his red cotton coat with its imitation fur trimming. Two tall policemen were standing by.

"We found him on the roof of a shack down in the tenement district, out cold," said one of the policemen as Cohen came in.

"Yeah," said the other, "he'd been climbing roofs all over the district leaving turkeys and woolen socks and toys. Musta left a thousand of 'em. When we found him it looked as if he was trying to get down a chimney. Smoked out Mrs. Pierrotti—"

"Cuckoo, I guess," said his mate.

"Can't be so cuckoo if he's been feeding them down there. Not doing things like that," remarked Cohen as he leaned over the body.

"Guess you're right," said one of the bluecoats
 "Yeah," said the other.

Cohen looked up. "Half-frozen and all in," was the diagnosis. "He'll be okay in the morning. Who is he?"

"Dunno," said one of the policemen. "No identification," added the other.

Cohen looked the patient over minutely from head to foot.

"Well," he said, "I don't know much about those things but it's the first time I ever saw a Santa Claus with spats."

Naturally, nobody could say a word.

The Birth of a Christmas Classic

EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE

STRANGE and roundabout are the ways of Fame! Betsy Ross, like thousands of other Colonial daughters, could ply a handy needle, but because she worked on a certain square of material she stitched her way into immortality. Newton saw an apple drop from a tree and gave his mind to unraveling the great Law of Gravitation that has made him famous. The political importance of Sir Walter Raleigh is known to historians, but it is the rain puddle, over which he flung his velvet cloak in a gesture of respect to the haughty Elizabeth, that brings him popular fame. So that celebrated poem, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," the most thumb-marked linen book in the nursery, the "best seller" in juvenile literature at Christmas, was the fruit of an inspired moment, while a man hurried through a swamp of snow on a mission of kindness one Christmas Eve over a hundred years ago.

Dr. Clement Clark Moore, author of the Christmas classic, the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of whose birth occurred last July, wrote other poems, notably one called "The Sisters of Charity," a lovely tribute to Sister Mary Frances who died ministering to cholera victims in the epidemic in New York City in 1832. As Professor of Oriental and Greek Literature he published a Hebrew Dictionary. Today his modest volume of poetry and the mighty dictionary stand in dusty jackets with the shadow of oblivion already upon them. "A Visit from St. Nicholas" (Dr. Moore's original title to the poem) written by him on a scrimp piece of paper, was a little gift of his pen to his own children, to be read by them as they huddled together over their toys on Christmas morning. But the inspiration for the lines came to him the night before.

In 1822 Christmas Eve in New York City was a crystal night of snow and ice, a night of hushed vigil, too, for in those days when only the toe of Manhattan Island was populated, there were cow pastures and wild-flower alleys between the squatty houses, and a snowfall made roads almost impassable. Folks kept close to their own hearths that Christmas Eve; only the distant tinkle of a sleigh-bell broke in upon the evening stillness. If a snowfall quarantined "town" folk, those living within a short radius of Battery Place or the lowest tip of Manhattan, it almost completely isolated those who lived in the "suburbs," above Canal Street.

One of these nineteenth-century New York "suburbanites" was Dr. Clement Clark Moore, a much respected landowner. He lived with his wife and three children in a large frame "mansion" with outspread porches and a

hospitable stoop, that stood like a huge chest on a hill on what is now West Twenty-third Street and Chelsea Square. All that could be seen from the attic window of Dr. Moore's house were his own grounds of considerable acres rolling in smooth white in snowy winter. The only approach to the house was through a crooked path called Love Lane, an elbow running west from the main thoroughfare, Bloomingdale Road, or the Broadway of today.

On this particular Christmas Eve Mrs. Moore stood in the huge kitchen of the mansion packing baskets of holiday turkey to distribute among the poor of the district on Christmas Day. She had bundled the children into their beds an hour earlier that night to give extra time to prepare the baskets. Three candy-stripe stockings hung before the fireplace in the library, three yellow heads, loaded with dreams and "visions of sugar plums," slept under the canopy in the north bedroom. Her nimble fingers were sore at the joints picking feathers from the plump white turkey breasts, packing the cranberry jelly and nuts and home-made plum pudding and celery around the bird, twisting and tying gay red ribbons on the handles of the baskets.

Almost at the end of her task with but four baskets more to fill, she suddenly discovered that she was short one turkey. In the rush of holiday preparation she had miscalculated the number. The little old lady down by the creek who lived with her parrot would have to do without the Moore Christmas basket this year. Mrs. Moore was a kindly soul and the thought of the old woman apparently forgotten hastened her steps to her husband's study. The Doctor was deep in a volume of Hebrew lexicography, but Mrs. Moore interrupted him with her story of the missing turkey and the old lady. It was late and bitter cold, but Dr. Moore volunteered to go to the market, a stiff distance away, and buy the extra turkey. He wrapt his greatcoat about him and Mrs. Moore tied a worsted muffler at his neck and brought his boots and off he started for the market.

Near midnight the Doctor's dark figure could be seen plowing home through the grove of snow that was his apple orchard, the package of turkey gripped under his arm. The wind that had slashed back the brim of his large felt hat earlier in the night had ceased and left the lawn and terraces leading to his house freshly swept and magically clear under a silvery, watery wash of new moonlight. The sky was sharp with December stars. Stimulated by the quiet beauty of the frozen landscape as it lay about his own door, Moore stood still, his boots sunk in a tub of snow. From subsequent history we can infer

his musings as he gazed on the fair scene. In fancy he saw the flannel-coated St. Nicholas riding on his annual pilgrimage to the children of the land, his sleigh tipping over with dolls and drums, his reindeer, with their antlers hung with silver bells, dashing across the frosty lawn. He saw "the moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow" as reflected light from thousands of happy children's faces, from the faces of his own children when they emptied their stockings Christmas morning.

The American Fairy Tale of Santa Claus was first written in imagination by Clement Moore on the magic-tapped lawn of his own house that Christmas Eve.

Dr. Moore sat writing in his study far into the awakening hours of Christmas morning; but "A Visit from St. Nicholas" was finished for future generations to look over his shoulder and read,

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

Among Dr. Moore's guests at Christmas dinner was a Dr. Butler, rector of St. Paul's Church in Troy, and his family. Dr. Butler's eldest daughter, knowing that her host was somewhat of a poet, had brought her autograph album, the treasured property of every young girl of the day, and when Mrs. Moore passed the freshly penned poem around the table, the young lady hastily copied it on a pink leaf of her album, intending to recite it for the children at the rectory. They were so delighted with the poem that Miss Butler thought it deserved the dignity of print, so she sent it, anonymously, to the *Troy Sentinel*. It appeared shortly with the following note from Holley, the editor:

We know not to whom we are indebted for the following description of that unwearied patron of music—that homely and delightful personage of parental kindness, Santa Claus, his costume and his equipage, as he goes about visiting the firesides of this happy land, laden with Christmas bounties; but from whomsoever it may have come, we give thanks for it.

Every year the *Troy Sentinel* featured "A Visit from St. Nicholas" and gave the staff artist unlimited liberty. The lines were surrounded by elaborate borders of pen flourishes with stockings bulging with bugles and tiny reindeer mounting clouds. Then when school readers opened their pages and showed "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" in large primer type, Moore's poem made that magic contact which has spread to generations of young and old, not only in America but in foreign lands, where, as a visitor describes a Christmas school play in Germany, the little Fraulein recites the poem in thick, halting German.

St. Nicholas and his Christmas chariot were first permanently quartered in separate book form in 1836. After that came numerous editions, all festively illustrated with holly berries and icicles and Santa buckling his belt about his "little round belly." A glance through the colored picture pages of these early editions is really a peep at an old-fashioned generation of children—sleeping under turkey-red quilts on a bed nearer the ceiling than

the floor, beside "mamma in her 'kerchief" and papa in his Punch's night-cap.

The choicest edition was that issued in 1859 in paper covers, illustrated by the trick-fingered Felix Octavius Darley. This artist, skilled in giving the significant touch to such abiding characters of American tradition as Irving's Rip Van Winkle, Diedrich Knickerbocker and the gangling Ichabod Crane, Longfellow's Miles Standish and Hawthorne's Hester Prynne, contributed a St. Nicholas that fairly puffed and waddled with jollity and Christmas cheer. Moore once remarked that the Santa Claus of his poem was the pen portrait of a neighbor, a fleshy, ruddy-chinned Dutchman living in the Chelsea district. Darley caught Moore's original with clever detail.

The Moore mansion, in which "A Visit from St. Nicholas" was written, was destroyed in 1850. The lawn which was the pawing-ground for the visionary reindeer that Moore has immortalized, is now the Close of the General Theological Seminary, part of the property of sixty lots deeded to the institution by Dr. Moore himself, now comprising a square block from Ninth to Tenth Avenues and from Twentieth to Twenty-first Streets, known as Chelsea Square.

Clement Moore's poems, some thirty-three in number, mostly in iambic meter, are undistinguished. He devoted his spare time to versifying, but was content to see his volume of poetry beloved and respected solely within the bosom of his family.

Moore died July 10, 1863. His body lies in Trinity Cemetery on upper Broadway, in New York, and every year children garland his grave and recite his perennial lines, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas."

ARGOSY

Amid the madding subway roar,
Which strives in vain to kill romance,
I gaze up at the picture-ads,
And live within a world apart.

Perhaps in Bali Isle I stroll,
Where waving palm trees kiss the sky,
And foam-green horses race to cool
The teeming sands, with soft caress.

Or else, 'tis Fuji's crystal cone,
Ablaze with morning's molten fire,
That tempts me through the mighty firs
That grace the fringes of her train.

Perchance a little brown-eyed lad
Has lured me to Sorrento's shore,
Where fairy boats await my call
To Capri's Grotto, silver-blue.

Or maybe 'tis a Christmas Seal
That carries me to Bethlehem,
Where Joseph kneels with Magi Three,
And homage pays the New Born King.

And Mary smiles her graciousness,
And Jesus clasps His tiny hands
Around the tendrils of my heart.
Ah! Then I glimpse eternity!

EMMA T. McQUADE.

Sociology

The Parole System

EDWIN J. COOLEY

Chief Probation Officer, Court of General Sessions, New York

THE day a man enters prison is an important day in his life. The day he leaves prison is an even more important one, not only to him but to the community.

Life in an institution is an ordered routine. Adjustments there are on an elementary plane. A man may be a model prisoner, and still may again fall into anti-social ways the moment he is released. The release is, however, an experiment. Passing from restraint and the institutional automatisms to a life of personal freedom in a world of perplexing complexity must always, of necessity, be difficult. The old problems come back to crowd around him. Temptations undermine his best resolutions. Old associations demand his return to their fold. Sometimes he is ashamed to hold aloof. Again, there is little else for him.

Realizing these conditions, the correctional systems of most States offer aid to the discharged prisoner at this most critical period of his life. Theoretically they build for him a bridge over which he must pass in conditional release until he is prepared for freedom. The work of readjustment to community life is the last step in our correctional scheme. It is known as the parole system.

The ways of exit from prison are more numerous than the entrances. Entrance to prison on sentences must always be by way of the court, generally in accordance with conditions fixed by the legislature. But one may be released from prison on completion of the full term imposed by the court, or before the end of the full term by a governor who grants a pardon or commutation, or by an administrative board that grants a parole or a release, contingent upon good behavior.

Parole is the act of releasing, or the status of being released from, a penal or reformatory institution in which one has served a part of his sentence. The release is conditioned on good behavior, and the parolee remains in the custody and under the supervision of the institution or some other agency approved by the State, until a final discharge is granted. This is sometimes referred to as "ticket-of-leave", conditional liberation, and, though incorrectly, probation. Most of the States have parole laws in one form or another. The Federal Government also has a parole system.

The purposes of this article are to survey and to evaluate the workings of the system of parole in this country, to determine its effectiveness, measure the results that are being obtained, and to point out the way ahead for the strengthening of the system. Therefore we shall not occupy any time with a discussion of its historical origin, the laws of the various States governing its operation, or the extent of its use.

It would seem to the scientist that the principle of parole is truly ideal. But three things are necessary—a good institution, an efficient scientifically minded parole board, and a corps of parole officers well trained and

adequate in number. Assuming that we can get these three things, the advantages both to the prisoner and to society are tremendous. Wise guidance and helpful service will carry many a man safely through that difficult period, his re-entry into civil life. If left alone he is so apt to fail and society will be the loser.

The three conditions which the principle of the liberation of the prisoner on parole presumes have never been realized in practice. Is the prison a school of industry and of training in the responsibilities of citizenship? Is the fitness of the prisoner to be restored to freedom determined by a body of high intelligence and of special, expert capacity in the judgment of character? Does the released prisoner, until he is securely established, receive constant supervision, encouragement and aid from the state? Let us examine the facts.

A parole system cannot operate by itself. It presupposes a prison or reformatory. Moreover, in order that parole may be effective, the treatment in the prison or the reformatory must prepare for it. Unless the offender has been so dealt with that his attitude toward society is changed, parole in many cases will fail. The aim of both the institution and parole must be to restore the inmate to the community as a vital part of it. In the institution the offender should be re-educated in his attitude toward life by being taught to work at some useful trade, by being shown that the way of the transgressor is hard, and by such re-orientation of motive that he will more clearly see his responsibility and duty in a society of free men.

It is perhaps needless to point out that there are few prisons in this country constituted, either by physical equipment or plan of administration, to carry on a course of individualized treatment calculated to return prisoners to society as good and useful citizens. A large number of our prisoners sit in idleness from one end of their term to the other. The recent prison riots would hardly lead us to believe that the inmates of our correctional institutions feel that their temporary retirement from the community is for the purpose of training them in industry and in the social relationships. And, very often the material that comes from our prisons to the parole or after-care systems, cannot be said to be prepared because of the prison experience, for the test of freedom. Many times a staggering burden is placed upon our systems of parole.

There have been created, in most of the States, parole boards to which is entrusted the duty of determining when prisoners shall be paroled. Generally these have the additional duty of supervising prisoners on parole. The work of these boards has been widely criticized in recent years. It has been alleged that they often parole the prisoner automatically, at the termination of the minimum period of his indeterminate sentence. The indeterminate sentence contemplates that a delinquent will be detained in custody until he shall have arrived at the happy estate where by mental outlook and social capability he is fitted for liberty. How can we blame the community for distrusting a system under which a malefactor is automatically released at the expiration of his minimum term

on no other evidence of his fitness for liberty than his record of docile conformity to the deadly routine of prison life?

Again the charge has been made, that partisan politics sometimes dictate the release of prisoners on parole. Other weaknesses in the administration of these boards have been pointed out. With few exceptions these boards meet once a month, or less frequently, to consider parole matters, and, for the most part, the members give only part-time service to this serious function.

If we are to improve the administration of parole, our parole-board members must be a group of experts giving their entire attention to the study of offenders, to determine their fitness for parole, and to the direction of parole policies.

In only a few States has any serious attempt been made with a staff of publicly salaried parole officers to do an effective after-care job with released prisoners. For the most part, only a handful of parole officers have been available to supervise multitudes of released prisoners over wide and varied territory. Much of the supervision has even been done by mail. The real work of aiding released prisoners in many States is left to philanthropic organizations. In most of our large cities there are prisoners' aid societies which, within their limited resources, do good work, but the after-care job with released prisoners is in the main, inadequately performed.

We shall make little progress to reduce recidivism until public opinion demands that the State recognize that the care of the discharged prisoner is properly its function. To meet this responsibility it will be necessary for each State to create a parole organization with an adequate number of well-trained parole officers, who will be able to give to the parolee constructive guidance, friendly counsel, and watchful oversight, until he regains a place of standing and security in the community.

Every correctional institution should be supplemented by a strong, well-organized, and competently administered parole system, capable of intelligently aiding the inmate in the difficult period of his readjustment to the community and which will return him promptly to custodial care, should his conduct become socially undesirable. The determination of fitness for parole, the pre-release procuring of employment, and a survey and preparation of the environment in which the paroled delinquent is to live, will form an important part of this service.

Let us condemn the weaknesses of parole and then let us see to it that its administration shall be intrusted only to those well qualified for the task. Let us select for our parole officers men and women with knowledge of what is needed and possessing human sympathy enough to earn the trust and friendship of their charges.

For the efficient working of the parole system, we must spend more money. And yet we shall also save. We shall save by decreasing the number of those who go back to prison; by reducing proportionately the number in prison; and by preventing crime. The investment will bring about a great economy of manhood and womanhood, of which Browning wrote in "The Ring and the Book":

Let me prove!

Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Advise me when I take the first false step!

Money so spent is not squandered or a fad. It is a profitable investment.

Education

Endocrines and Morals

JOHN WILTBYE

THE great Lombroso and myself were young together. Or, to lift the matter above dispute, Lombroso began to win fame when my obscurity (which has since become chronic) was but young. My interest in the Italian philosopher was born of my devotion to old Cap Collier, a famous thieftaker little known to the present generation, and I have often regretted that the two never met. Could Cap Collier have known that the surest way of piercing a criminal's disguise is to measure his nose and calculate the tilt of his ear, there is no height he would not have scaled.

It is very satisfactory, this tag philosophy, but it is not very new. I fancy it was old when Homer took it up to sing of a glaukopic goddess, and of a hero swift of foot. The theory is developed admirably in Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New-York" (book vi, c. 7) where the author describes the encounter of the furious Swedes with the waddling chivalry of the Hudson Valley under the walls of Fort Christina. The valiant men of Sing Sing, you will remember, marched straight to the carnage, chanting the famous hymn to St. Nicholas, for to sing was their tag; but the Van Grolls, of Antony's Nose, got tangled up between two defiles, being perplexed as to the road by reason of the length of their noses. Then there were the Van Kortlandts, famous drawers of the long bow, and mighty archers on that fatal field, and the Hoppers who fell into line, advancing nimbly on one foot; but the Gardeniers took no part in the battle, since they had been detailed to lay waste the adjoining water-melon patches. For every cohort, there was a proper tag.

Now this tag philosophy is easy and comfortable, and it answers well enough in books; but in actual life your honest man may look uncommonly like a thief. I suppose this is the reason why some years ago Lombroso was quietly taken out and dropped into the ash heap, from which he is occasionally picked out and dusted off by Arthur Brisbane. Otherwise, the theory that if your ear lobes adhere you are sure to become a bank robber, is allowed to sleep on undisturbed.

Next the theory arose that while those little physical differences which make one man an Apollo but his neighbor a Thersites, might be equally distributed between saint and sinner, criminals were always "below-par mentally." This theory seemed more plausible than Lombroso's, and even today it numbers many adherents; chiefly, however, among amateur sociologists and pink-tea psychiatrists.

It is quite true that in default of special care, the "below par mentally" tend to fall into anti-social ways. But

this is not the same thing as saying that criminals and troublesome pupils are, as a rule, mentally defective. Dr. William Healy was among the first to show that the theory did not stand up under the facts of juvenile delinquency, and his work has been confirmed by the researches of Dr. Augusta Bronner and others, with older sinners. The examination of prisoners in penitentiaries furnishes no evidence for the theory. It may only show, indeed, as a prison warden remarked to me many years ago, that "it is the boob who gets caught; the bright boys are still outside." No feeble-minded man goes far in crime unscathed, but the normal crook and the unusually clever scamp, "the master mind" of the newspapers, can snap their fingers at John Law.

Accepted as satisfactory for some years, this theory too is slipping. Its place is being filled gradually by the doctrine that men oppress the poor, cheat employes out of their wages, slander their neighbors, or murder them, and indulge in other anti-social conduct, because they are "sick." Since their conduct is wholly, or almost wholly, forced by some physical disorder, they should be treated in a hospital. To place them in a penal institution, is like giving a man thirty days on the rock pile for the crime of having a toothache.

With the bearing of this and similar theories on penology, I am not at present concerned. But it is alarming to observe that they are now being applied crudely and brutally to our schools.

Underlying them all is the undeniable fact that conduct can be affected by mental states arising out of physical defects or disorders. If a child be either insane (to use a term for which we are supposed to apologize) or so controlled by physical conditions that its conduct is invariably anti-social, it is futile to try to train what some of us still call "the will." Some children are in this state, and others are so near it that nothing but the most intensive treatment can make them even tolerable members of society. With these no educational institution, intended for the rank and file of our children, should be expected to deal, or should be permitted to deal. Normal methods are here hopeless, and the presence of such children is not only a drag on the teacher, but is decidedly hurtful to the other pupils.

It is regrettable that neither the States, nor the heads of our private-school systems, are as yet able to make adequate provision for these children. Among Catholics, indeed, there is a tendency to put the unpleasant problem aside, as though it were non-existent, or too unimportant to call for serious attention. Dr. Thomas Verner Moore, O.S.B., of the Catholic University, has done notable work in this field, but he is almost alone. Are we to wait for a series of shocking disorders perpetrated by mere children before we consent to give them the specialized care they need?

But the underlying truth of these theories must not be extended too far. The fact that physical conditions can and do react upon the soul to influence conduct, or even determine it, should not be taken to mean that conduct is invariably and inescapably determined by them. When I eat too many sardine sandwiches, I grow pessimistic.

I snap at the waiter, and wonder why I was born. But, after all, I do not dine perennially on sardine sandwiches. On Thursday and Saturday (except Ember Saturday) I am, exteriorly, a fairish Christian. Even on Friday, I am dimly aware from time to time that I ought to be kicked. I blame it on the sardines; but I know perfectly well that while the sardines influence, they do not determine, my conduct. I am "triflin', low down and mean," as Uncle Wiley might express it, not because I must be, but because I want to be. I could snap out of it and be my sweet gladsome self (a gnarled fruit, but sound at heart, and mellowing in the Autumn sunshine) if I wished. But I prefer to growl and find a scapegoat in a few miserable sardines. Tomorrow I shall feel better; it is but a temporary eclipse.

Most children whose conduct deviates now and then from the normal have simply eaten too many sardines. They will feel better tomorrow. It is absurd to assume that the unruly pupil or the pupil slow to develop, is suffering from some grave physical defect or disorder, which, mended, will guarantee progress. But that, precisely, is what the professional pedagogues do when they put character building on a purely physical and materialistic basis.

By all means take Johnny to the oculist to be fitted for glasses; let Mary Jane be deprived forthwith of her tonsils, and both be instructed in the use of the toothbrush and in the care of their endocrine glands. These procedures seem necessary nowadays, although the next generation may hang on to its tonsils, for styles change in these things as in hats and skirts. I am strong for the *mens sana in corpore sano*, but in training the child to react properly and readily to environment, I should take care to remember that he has a will and an immortal soul, as well as a body and an insatiable craving for victuals.

The new psychology of endocrines and morals, now rampant in our schools for teachers and in our schools for children, forgets the first words of the formula. Johnny may behave now and then as though he were crazy, but a good teacher can soon find out whether he really is, or is just a small boy. The first line of approach in forming and reforming him, should be through his mind, I think, rather than through his glands.

SCHUBERT'S SERENADE

Oh, slip aside the old encumbering bar
That locks the gilded casement of the night;
And let the amorous loved satellite
Bathe in its magic a forgotten scar.
What if the resurrected pain shall mar
A cold serenity? It will requite
The wounding with a sharper warm delight:
The touch of love's remembered avatar.

Oh, fling the casement wide; and let the flute
Of nightingale release with spirited
Rebuttal, staves of ecstasy long mute;
And if at last the argument of dead
Resurgent bliss prove hopeless to refute,
Then let the cupped hand seek the drooping head.

EDITH MIRICK.

With Scrip and Staff

BELATED among Christmas cards, the Pilgrim received late in December a picture of "Good King Wenceslas." It was, of course a frosty scene. The aged monarch's spare white locks fluttered in the wintry breeze. Down from the distant castle filtered a few rays of ruddy fire-light. And the shivering page laboriously plodded in the saint's foot-steps. Below was printed the well-known poem composed by John Mason Neale, clergyman of the Church of England and headmaster of Sackville's College in Sussex, soon after 1850:

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shown the moon that night,
Tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel

Which end with the ever practical verses:

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

The poem coming in the same mail with that most traditional (but in our day so sadly neglected) gift for hermits and philosophers, a pair of bedroom slippers; and the radiator's inclination to be on strike, added to the setting for St. Stephen's Day.

LULLED, however, by the revived radiator's pleasing, if simple melody, and the benign influence of slippered extremities, reflection began to play gently. First of all, Wenceslas was not an aged monarch. He was a youth. Writes Ottokar Odlozilik in the *Slavonic Review* for June, 1929:

When Prince Wenceslas died a martyr's death in 929 he was hardly more than twenty-two years old. The historians are now generally in agreement that he was born in 907 or 908. They equally agree with regard to the date of his death, in 929. . . .

Again, Wenceslas was more than simply a martyr, to whom a legend is attached.

There is a tradition which is alive among the people especially in the Bohemian lands. The prince Wenceslas lives in it not only as a saint but also as an eternal protector of his country. This tradition was so strong in olden times that Wenceslas' name was attached to the dearest symbols of state independence, like the royal crown, the seat of Bohemian kings in Prague, etc. His figure was carved on seals and on coins issued by the Bohemian kings; under his flag the Bohemian armies very often went into the field. Out of this tradition sprang also the beautiful verse which was composed in the fifteenth century during the Hussite wars as an addition to the old Bohemian song on St. Wenceslas and which since has been sung in Bohemian countries in good and bad times, and will also be sung this year: "Thou art the inheritor of the Bohemian land; remember thy people, let us not perish, nor those who come after. . . ."

"This year" refers to the millennial celebration of the martyrdom of St. Wenceslas which took place in St. Vitus' Cathedral at Prague on September 28, 1929, and was the occasion of an immense outpouring of Catholic devotion and enthusiasm, unparalleled in Bohemia in modern times; and a special Apostolic Letter from Pope Pius XI to the Hierarchy of that country. This letter,

translated by Father Thomas J. Vopatek, was published in the *Catholic Mind* for October 22, 1929.

THE Cathedral of St. Vitus was rebuilt, in his time, by the saint. It was again renovated in our own time, and opened and solemnly consecrated again for the millennial celebration itself. "In Rome itself," says Pope Pius, "since the fourteenth century an altar was dedicated to his honor in the very basilica of St. Peter, and upon the destruction of the old basilica, another marble altar was erected in its place in the new basilica, 'notwithstanding that hardly any other holy king has an altar therein'; and the feast of St. Wenceslas was celebrated there annually in the presence of all the Cardinals." . . . He was declared a saint by the Roman Pontiff, John XIII, as early as the tenth century.

THE displacement of the factious Hus by the statesman Wenceslas as a hero and symbol of national greatness for the Czechs is itself significant. Where the much-glorified Hus brought only a few odd enthusiasts to his noisy celebrations—which have been so quietly hushed—good King Wenceslas brought not only the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, and other great princes of the Church, scholars, statesmen, and elite of all nations to Prague in 1929, but also many thousands of sons of Bohemia back to the land of their ancestors, to renew cultural bonds long since forgotten.

Noteworthy, too, is the fact, that young as Wenceslas was, he combined the two things difficult for a ruler: his religion was unmingled with politics; yet his politics were cautious and far-seeing.

BOTH of these points are brought out by the Bohemian writer quoted above:

St. Wenceslas was not interested in the promoting of Christianity for political reasons. His real inspiration was his own zealous adherence to Christianity and the desire that his people should also accept the new religion. All legends describe the life of Wenceslas with warmth and enthusiasm, so that it is beyond any doubt that Wenceslas imbued himself with the Christian doctrine and deeply detached him from his surroundings, which were either pagan or only nominally Christian. The legends praise highly his charity, his service to the poor such as is described in the carol.

"According to the medieval view," wrote one who in some respects urges strongly the Catholic idea of education: ". . . the Church conceived her mission as that of saving men's souls from eternal perdition. A religion broad enough to include everything that is worthy of being a part of our temporal life, and a religious education equally broad, were in no sense (italics mine) characteristic of the period" (J. H. Randall, *World Unity*, October, 1928).

Yet says the Saint's countryman just quoted:

Wenceslas was not only keen on personal piety. The Christian principles tended to become a force also in the public life of the Bohemian countries and old customs which disagreed with them seemed to be gradually passing away. Wenceslas, for example, tried to introduce a more human practice into the execution of justice and abolished instruments of torture which were used to obtain evidence; legends tell us that he went away whenever an accused person was condemned to death by the tribunal of judges.

Wenceslas alone, in the darkest hours of the "Dark Ages," with none but the teachers of his Catholic Faith to guide him, proves that concern for this life's true needs was most decidedly part of the "medieval period."

THE worldly-wise President Thomas G. Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, when asked "what was his attitude to the millenary festivities of 1929," replied:

St. Wenceslas is a sympathetic personality to me. He supported Christianity and the Church and that was in his time a meritorious work, the work of culture and progress. He is further sympathetic to me because he tried to bring his country into a close contact with Western Europe. I also value his politics for his cautiousness. . . . As head of the State, I naturally want it to be known at home and abroad that already at the end of the ninth century and the beginning of the tenth, we had a properly ordered state.

Young and pious as he was, "Prince Wenceslas," wrote the prominent Czech historian, V. Novotny, "by making at an appropriate time a treaty with the Empire secured the peaceful development of the Bohemian countries and for that act alone he deserved to be chosen and venerated as a national saint."

BY the time my reflections had reached this point I realized that I had written an article on St. Wenceslas (may he shrive me!) and the radiator had stopped singing and was back to normal. There was also a letter from Mr. Rouser informing me that, all porkers having been duly executed, there was a sublime mess of head-cheese, souse, and spare-ribs ready for any future visitors to his domain.

"Besides," he wrote, "in the teeth of falling weather and the loblolly roads, I was able to get the portable sawmill around to enough of our needy acquaintances to guarantee them in firewood till Easter-time. Father Jude explained to us this morning about the King who carried logs around to the neighbors on his own shoulders, probably because he was out of gas at the time. I would have done the same under the circumstances if I had had to, and didn't have the rheumatism. But what I want to know is what on earth to do when ten people talk to me or write to me to help in things that only one C. Rouser can manage?"

Which brought me to the last point of reflection, as I regretfully exchanged the slippers for my 1930-model sandals. Simple as were Wenceslas' acts of charity, they came not alone from his Christian Faith, as such, and his good instincts, but from careful teaching as to the implications of that Faith and the use of those instincts. Some clear-minded person *taught* that young prince—or his mother Ludmila—his duty to the poor. In the Middle Ages, whatever their gaps as to finer points, charity *was taught*, and taught concretely. Persons were specified, both as to doers and those who should benefit by what was done. Degrees and varieties of obligations were taught; and the lessons learned provided examples which inspire after ten centuries.

Today, though we teach charity in general, there is need of some more specific instruction. It must treat not only of the simpler duties of helping the neighbor

who lacks firewood, but our conduct with respect to infinitely more complex duties, relating to persons whose needs, spiritual and temporal, we do not see by personal experience—duties that no mere instinct, no matter how generous can be a guide to. Of that, more anon. May all the saints pray happy New Year upon the readers of

THE PILGRIM.

Dramatics

New York's Leading Plays

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FOR the Theater Guild, the winter season has indeed begun, and icy blasts of criticism and disapproval are whistling down the aisles and corridors of the Guild Theater. Two failures in succession—flamboyant failures at that and made at the very beginning of the theatrical season—are not approved by subscribers who early last spring paid in advance for the privilege of seeing them.

Guild subscribers are creatures of faith, investing their money seven months before they get anything for it. As a rule their faith is justified by the productions given them the following winter; but they have not yet forgotten that dire season several years ago when the Guild producing band presented them with five failures. They are dreading a similar experience this year. They do not like the prospect and they are loudly explaining that they do not. It is not necessary for the Guild producers to put their ears to the ground to hear these expressions of disappointment and disapproval. Whatever position they assume they cannot get away from them. Both producers and subscribers are unhappy—a sad situation indeed.

The producers, of course, have only themselves to blame. As their first offering this autumn they put on a bad play, "Karl and Anna," beautifully acted by Alice Brady and Otto Kruger. It failed ignominiously. Undaunted by this episode, and untaught by it, the Guild people promptly put on a bad play, badly acted—"The Game of Love and Death", also interpreted by Alice Brady and Otto Kruger. Everyone admits that it is hard to select good plays.

The Guild producers can be forgiven for failing to guess rightly at times. Their guess is much better, on the average, than that of any other American producers. But, after their first experience this season it is not easy to forgive them for not recognizing bad acting when they saw it, and the acting in Romain Rolland's "Game of Love and Death" is about the worst in any of our current offerings.

Part of this, of course, is due to the play, a stilted, wholly artificial episode of the French Revolution, in which the characters stand stiffly in front of one another uttering incredibly tedious and platitudinous orations. Even granting that, Alice Brady, hopelessly miscast as a French *grande dame*, was the saddest thing of the season till one looked at her stage lover, Otto Kruger. Then one turned a wan forgiving smile on Alice and went

out into the night and tried to forget them both. But one cannot forget. The play was too bad, and New Yorkers are having too good a time being witty about it at dinners. It behooves the Theater Guild producers to put on as their third offering a good play, a very good play indeed. Subscribers do not want to feel that their subscriptions are a total loss, especially just after the panic in Wall Street. And speaking of panics, the Guild program contains a picture of the French author, looking desperate, as well he may.

Reaching out instinctively for something pleasant, after this, we find ourselves considering "Berkeley Square," an English offering written by John L. Balderston, and put on at the Lyceum Theater by Gilbert Miller and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard in the leading role. There's a charming play! If what we most need in our theaters is imagination, as the press critics are proclaiming, we have the quality in abundance in "Berkeley Square"—which, let me add, you'd better learn to pronounce Barkeley, before you claim to have seen it in London.

Here is imagination in plenty, for it is the tale of a young, present-day American, Peter Standish, so obsessed by the deeds of his great-grandfather, also Peter Standish, who lived in London in 1784, and whose old diaries he has been reading, that in a psychic experience he himself is transported to the London of 1784 and there lives for a brief time the life of the original Peter. Throughout this period he is conscious of his dual personality and of the nightmare fact that he is merely re-living old family history. He cannot color or change it.

Of course he has strange experiences. He astonishes and frightens those around him by his uncommon knowledge of coming events. His portrait is painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, for one hundred guineas. He meets Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, at the height of her beauty and charm, and first fascinates her by some brilliant modern epigrams and then infuriates her by absently assuming that she and her beauty are things of a past age. He meets the girl he marries as a matter of policy and he also meets her younger sister, the girl he loves and cannot marry. The hopeless love of these two is the most poignant episode of the play, and she alone is able to see dimly through the veil of mystery that sets him apart from his companions of 1784. At the end of the play, again the young American of 1929, he visits the grave of this girl in an old English cemetery, and copies the inscription setting forth her death in 1787. A bald outline this, of an entrancing play, superbly acted by Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore. Its effect is so lasting that one is mildly surprised after it to come out into the lights and noise of the twentieth century.

I do not know why I did not get around sooner to "Many Waters", another English play written by Monckton Hoffe and produced at the Maxine Elliot Theater by Arch Selwyn and Charles B. Cochran. In its way—such a different way!—"Many Waters" is as charming as "Berkeley Square," and as well acted. The work of a new-comer to our stage, Marjorie St. Aubyn, will be talked about years hence, by old fellows who like to reminisce about big moments in the theater.

"Many Waters" is a simple thing, expounding the theme that ordinary men and women often have unexpected color and drama in their lives. Big though it is in art and human nature, it has had a struggle here. Almost without exception our press critics praised it warmly, but for some reason the public at first did not take to it. It was announced for withdrawal. Then, as if suddenly awakened to a sense of opportunity, the public began to buy tickets for it. It is still hanging on, but possibly only by its eyelashes.

And now we come to a typical American offering which has already established itself as a season success, "Broken Dishes", by Martin Flavin, produced at the Ritz Theater by Marion Gering. It is hard to realize that the author of "Broken Dishes" is also the author of the grim drama "The Criminal Code," which simultaneously holds the stage of another theater not far away. "Broken Dishes" is the simplest sort of domestic comedy, the comedy of a hen-pecked husband; and the immediate mental question as to how it even got on in present theatrical conditions is answered during the first five minutes of the first act. It got on because Donald Meek plays the leading role, and it "got over" for the same reason. It is one of those plays which would die in a week without its star. With him it is capital entertainment, an ideal play for holiday family parties. These three plays: "Berkeley Square", "Many Waters" and "Broken Dishes", are the best in town to send the young folks to—and this statement answers in advance the numerous letters I receive from AMERICA's readers every holiday season, asking for such a list. To it, also, may be added John Golden's new offering, "Salt Water", which has opened at the John Golden Theater, with Frank Craven as the star.

I saw the try-out of "Salt Water" in Atlantic City last spring, and at that time I expressed in these columns dark doubts of its ultimate success. That was before Mr. Craven was given the leading role. His assumption of it has changed everything, for "Salt Water", like "Broken Dishes", is wholly dependent on its star. The lad who played the leading role in Atlantic City did his best, but it was not good enough. Incidentally, he made the hero abhorrent; indeed, I remember saying at the time that there was not a likeable character in the play. Mr. Golden has changed all that. Sweet-natured himself, he likes agreeable persons around him both on and off the stage. The young husband in "Salt Water" says and does some harsh things; but Frank Craven could throw a suffering wife down stairs with an air which would merely make his audience regret that he had not done it sooner. So "Salt Water" is here to stay, and it is as pure and bracing as its title.

Great minds have their restful intervals, and this is as it should be. The trouble is that being used to toil they feel that they must do something, even when they are resting. Probably this strong impulse is what moved Elmer Rice, author of "Street Scene", to offer us his comedy at the Eltinge Theater, "See Naples and Die". Even Mr. Rice's admirers have admitted that the offering is a trifle. To call it a "trifle" is extravagant praise.

At which point, perhaps, I'd better rest my own mind!

REVIEWS

Grandmother Brown's One Hundred Years. By HARRIET CONNOR BROWN. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$3.00

No one should read this book unless he is prepared to fall in love. For it is a love story, this biography of Maria Dean Brown, (1827-1929), a woman who did nothing at all in her century of existence, except to make the world a little brighter for her husband, her children, her grandchildren, and friends without number. She never pined for want of something to do, and she did not strive to live her life and attain her realization, as the modern cant runs, by the bizarre methods which seem to catch so many of our modern damsels. She thought that a wife's chief duty was to make her husband and children happy and comfortable, and to teach them to be good Republicans—a little delusion, this latter concept, which may be pardoned a lady who was born in the uncompromisingly Republican State of Ohio, and spent most of her years in the rock-ribbed Republican State of Iowa. Even the sun has its spots. Grandmother Brown wrought many a sonnet in the form of clothes which she made for her husband and her children, and was the author of eight symphonies, four born in Ohio and four in Iowa. She had the unconquerable spirit that refuses to admit defeat. Manual work of the hardest kind never daunted her; age could not quench the light in her eyes, nor quiet the interest in all things human that throbbed in her brave old heart. In the evening of her years she acknowledged that nothing could have pulled her over the hard places in the road, except love of her family and trust in God, whom she worshiped with a simple faith which not even the most doubting theologian could question. Grandmother Brown is a challenge to the smug complacency and spineless inertia of the present day. She was in truth a leader, because she always put her brave hand to the little tasks of life as they came to her, and as love prompted her to seek them. No one can help falling in love with Grandmother Brown, and to love this dear old lady is more than a liberal education.

P. L. B.

Economics and Ethics: A Study in Social Values. By J. A. HOBSON. New York: D. C. Heath and Company. \$5.00.

After a divorce which dates from the so-called Reformation, Ethics and Economics are making eyes at each other in a way that would suggest courtship, or even remarriage. And Mr. Hobson is a singularly skilful love doctor. His diagnosis does not mistake symptom for cause or incidentals for essentials. After proposing standards of welfare which much resemble the orthodox "norm of morality," he analyzes the ethics of property, the ethics of bargaining, and the struggle "of all against all" of the productive units in the economic system for their share of the aggregate product of a highly complex cooperative process. Judging surpluses and super-profits to be social in origin Professor Hobson does not shrink from the conclusion that they should be distributed on the same basis. This is to come to pass either by a liberalization of outlook among landlords and Captains of Industry or by some form of social control, not necessarily political, over the machinery of production. Organic reforms in the economic system, it is urged, must take cognizance of incentives to labor, the supply of capital, standards of consumption, an optimum population and the uses and abuses of money. The "Ethics of Economic Internationalism" is a brilliant chapter. Only by supernational federation, it declares, can society cope with the economic rivalries between industrialized and non-industrialized areas revolving about raw materials, markets, tariffs and immigration. For nations as well as for individuals there is the Saint-Simonian maxim: "From each according to his powers; to each according to his needs." Yet no where is there mention of religion as a dynamic factor in social life. For Mr. Hobson, the Fall of Man is a "legend." Consequently he is forced to talk of human happiness in terms of "desirable consciousness" and of "enriching personality through the largest measure of sociality." Is this anything more than a stoic philosophy for the group? Social life without religion would be about as effective as economics without ethics. This criticism,

however, should not detract from the tremendous importance of Mr. Hobson's book. The purely "economic man," (producer-consumer, buyer-seller) has not shown "survival value." He is to be replaced by a type of social proportions. What is to be done to keep him from likewise perishing through a hardening of the moral arteries?

J. F. T.

Recollections of an Irish Rebel. By JOHN DEVROY. New York: The Gaelic American Publishing Company. \$5.00.

In his "Recollections" William O'Brien says: "Mr. Devoy was a born conspirator and, like all born conspirators, can never be measured at his true value by the public." Born in 1842, when he died, in New York, in 1928, John Devoy had devoted more than sixty of those years to a forceful demonstration of his conviction that all her history points to the necessity of Ireland's separation from the British Empire. Those whose association with him made the opportunity, remember him as sincerely honest, simple and likeable, but stern, unbending, implacable in the pursuit of the patriotic ideal for which he tirelessly and unselfishly sacrificed the professional rewards his undoubted ability promised him. This personal narrative, dealing with the active agencies and participants in the Irish National Movements from the 'fifties to the days of the Free State, gives many intimate and hitherto unwritten details of the factors that lent impetus to the Irish national progress, and in which he was an accepted leader. He is not always a strictly impartial historian though, recalling the fierce invective and bitterness; despite the rash judgments and false appraisals, that so often characterized his journalistic career, the book is notably restrained. It was Devoy, in 1878, by his "New Departure" proposition to Parnell, who built the bridge between the partisans of physical force and constitutional agitation and thus brought about the political procedure that has since so fortunately resulted. In the World War he joined with Roger Casement in the attempt to enlist Germany's help in 1915 for an insurrection in Ireland and the story of their negotiations with the German officials is most interesting and easily explains why the scheme was fruitless. This was a year before the United States entered the war. He was the implacable enemy of British rule to the end, but he sets down that he died "content in the realization that Ireland has advanced far towards the goal of her heart's desire and confident that another generation will produce worthy successors to the men of 'Easter Week'."

I. R. B.

Why Janet Should Read Shakespeare. By NORMAN HAPGOOD. New York: The Century Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Hapgood is well qualified to answer this question as well as its correlative: Why should Janet's brother read Shakespeare? The author states that it was the inquiry of a sixteen-year old that started him on this volume, and further he says "I think it is easier to grasp Shakespeare today than in most eras, because there is in our present life something that corresponds to the energy, variety, faith, and skepticism of the age of Elizabeth." And then our author goes on from chapter to chapter (there are nine of them) beginning with "Ideals of Women" and ending with "The Man Himself," all interesting and elucidating, his thesis on the first chapter being "Nowhere else is there any group of women at all to be compared with those of Shakespeare." One chapter deserves especial mention, "More Than Thought" introduced in part by a quotation from Professor Kittredge; "Shakespeare loved words; that is axiomatic, for he accumulated, somehow, the most enormous vocabulary ever used by mortal man." And then follows a chapter on Shakespeare's fecundity in producing new words and his aptness and felicity in using them, a chapter that could be studied by most high school and college students, for there seems to be no subject so fallen into disuse as the old-fashioned study of the use and meaning of words. And still further on, attention is called to the fact that the man who created Othello and Macbeth also created Falstaff, who stands alone with Don Quixote and Gargantua at the top of comic characters, and likewise created a whole galaxy of lesser but splendid comedy persons, from Bottom to Dogberry, Mer-

cutio to Benedick, Portia to Viola. The book concludes as follows: "While about the actual human being who first saw the sun in Stratford we do not have a mass of statistics, we know that he was ever quivering with love of natural things; that he sympathized with cakes and ales, and yet was practical and steady in his own life; that he needed no sanction from the unknown to see the measureless chasm between evil and good, kindness and cruelty; and that when his friends wished to describe him they chose such words as open, sweet, and free." A valuable book for those competent to read it. J. W. D.

Freemasonry and the Anti-Christian Movement. By E. CAHILL, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 5/.

The purpose of this "essay," as its author modestly calls it, is to set before readers, particularly in the British Isles, the position that Freemasonry occupies in our twentieth-century world, the relations of Catholicism to it, and its dangers, political, social, and religious. However, it will have interest also for readers on this side of the Atlantic, for there is as much confusion and misunderstanding about Masonry in the United States as there is abroad, though Father Cahill tells us that America is by far the most Masonic country in the world and that our Government is honeycombed with Masonry, some 356 out of our 531 members of Congress in 1928 claiming Masonic affiliations. After briefly tracing the history of the Masonic movement, he explains its purpose and alliances, direct and indirect, which it has with various organizations and in different departments of human activity. His facts are well authenticated from Masonic and other reliable sources. The many Papal condemnations of the Order are recorded and justified. Masonry is fundamentally a religion and to this extent is forbidden Catholics. However, it has dangers for all Christians because of its un-Christian principles, and for all true patriots, of whatever nation, because of its disruptive anti-patriotic tendencies, because of the nature of its oath-bound secrets, because of the naturalism and false internationalism that it sponsors, and for its general anti-social character. Father Cahill is at pains to prove that American and British Masonry is one with Continental Masonry whose anti-clerical and anti-Government policy no one can deny. It is not a mere fraternity for social well-being and relief of human misery, but a danger to both the moral and political order, and as affecting the intellectual life of the people, subtly leading them to an unsound liberalism. The distinguished Jesuit proves that it was not without reason that the various Continental Governments have at different times banned Masonry. The volume promises interesting and informative reading for clergy and laity alike, the more so as we have not had a book of its particular type since the publication a quarter of a century ago of Preuss' "American Freemasonry."

W. I. L.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Encomienda in New Spain.—Among the excellent studies of Spanish American Colonial history published by the University of California, the latest, "The Encomienda in New Spain (1492-1550)," by Lesley Byrd Simpson is the first really good, though incomplete, survey in English based upon original documents of this important social and economic institution. It is encouraging to note that American scholarship is tending towards original investigation of such institutions as only thus may a just and adequate criticism of the Spanish regime be attempted. This study has the merit of nailing once and for all the origins of that hoary tradition of Spanish barbarity to the publication in 1552 of Las Casas' "Brief Relation of the Destruction of the Indies," of which the "lurid and blasting details" on Spanish administration, sponsored by a Spaniard, a Dominican and a Bishop, have satisfied as an adequate critique a whole school of writers, beginning with the ex-Catholic and ex-Dominican Thomas Gage and running through the galaxy of Pauw, Raynal, Llorente, Helps, Ellis (in Winsor), Bancroft, Fiske, H. C. Lea, MacNutt and winding up with Milton Waldman, to mention only those writing in English. Mr. Simpson calls attention to the fact that Indian

slavery, properly so-called, was a passing phase of Spanish colonial life and points out the true aims of Spanish policy. He analyzes the conditions which determined the adoption and development of the encomienda, criticizes and rejects, the main theories and policies of Las Casas, and proves that the early Franciscans had a better grasp of the principles and realities of colonization than the early Dominicans, who, however, after the disastrous experiences with the New Laws came round to the Franciscan view. He also shows how carefully, reasonably and practically the encomienda was debated. He just fails to bring out the true significance of the slavery and so-called feudal issues of this debate, not through prejudices but through inability to grasp the theological controversies raised in the discussion and ignorance of the real political and social theory of the government both in Spain and the Americas. The appendix contains translations of important documents, but the bibliography is uncritical, omits some necessary works and includes some worthless ones.

Starting the New Year.—A special help to protect the resolutions made for the New Year is the method of the Particular Examen prescribed by St. Ignatius in his Spiritual Exercises. The Rev. J. F. McElhone, C.S.C., explains this method at some length in his book on the "Particular Examen" (Herder. \$1.75). This is perhaps the fullest study which the subject has received in English and it connects in one treatise many points which formerly were found scattered in different volumes. As the subject matter for the examen, the predominant fault is explained and its effect on work, recreation, study and prayer is pointed out, while remedies are suggested and practices of virtues proposed. The book gives an added interest to this valuable means of spiritual advancement.

"The Inward Vision" (Longmans, Green. \$2.00), of which R. H. J. Steuart, S.J., writes, is the perception of truth which Faith brings with the "befriending outward sense." In some two dozen chapters the author briefly uses symbols to point us to that for which they stand. These reflections are well calculated to arouse a sense of God's presence and help one to live in the spirit of Faith.

The Rev. J. F. McGowan, O.S.A., has translated from the second Latin edition the compilation from the works of St. Augustine which the Rev. Anthony Tonna-Barthet, O.S.A. made under the title "The Christian Life" (Pustet. \$3.00). This is a book that will appeal to the priest, the religious, and the layman. It contains material for sermons, instructions, meditations and spiritual reading. Divided into seven books, it treats a variety of topics under the titles of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. The book is attractively bound and well printed. The matter is arranged so as to make daily reading attractive and profitable.

Varia.—Readers interested in Catholic social studies will find material regarding Christian social theories in the series of essays gathered together under the title "Vers un Ordre social chretien. Jalons de route: 1880-1907" (Paris: Beauchesne. 25 fr.), by Marquis de La-Tour-du-Pin La Chaze, in a reprint. Most of the essays are concerned with economic and political problems as they are touched by Catholic sociological principles.

The Dial Press has included in their Library of Living Classics "The Apocrypha" (Dial. \$4.00), that is to say, the books of the Old Testament whose right to be included in the canon of Scripture was for a long time in question. The text is that of the Authorized Version of 1611, arranged, however, in paragraphs, and not in the separate verse arrangement of the original. Of course, it is not permitted for a Catholic, without due permission, to use a translation of the Scripture prepared by those outside the Church.

There are six short stories in "The Fall of the Fairy Prince" by Frances Casseday McElroy (Richmond: Johnson Publishing Company). In nice, large, easily-read type, and beautiful colored illustrations, drawn by Katherine and Robert Pallesen, they suggest visits to fairyland that should prove most enjoyable ventures for the good little folk who are fortunate enough to find the book among their holiday gifts.

The Affair at the Chateau. Sincerity: A Story of Our Time. Trust Wesley! The Subtle Trail. The 5:18 Mystery.

Splendid character delineations help the reader to forget or pardon the improbable situations and the trite smartness of "The Affair at the Chateau" (Crime Club. \$2.00). Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has some vague notions of hypnotism and psychoanalysis which are cautiously put to use in this story of intrigue which requires in its cast of characters a Balkan king, a secret agent for the Soviet, a master mind, and a set of opposing forces. Mysterious guns and powerful explosives are set off, but the reader is never allowed to share the secret of their location or construction. The old chateau, high up in the Alps, has a deep dungeon and a lofty tower. Both serve as a handy release from situations which otherwise might be very difficult to handle. In fact once they are removed, the only possible solution is capitulation. The climax is, therefore, weak and unsatisfying. However, since no one takes such a story seriously, the improbable situations should add to one's amusement.

"Sincerity: A Story of Our Time" (Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50), brings John Erskine, its author, no greater measure of success that did his efforts to modernize the ancients. The title itself is an invitation to the critic to test the author's thesis. For it is little more than a thesis which Mr. Erskine poses in this easy manner, where instances may be created to one's liking and characters set up or thrown down as best suits one's purposes. If violence is necessary it is used without hesitation. All the methods of second-rate fiction writers as well as a large measure of the wildest theories of third-rate philosophers seem to have been gathered into these three hundred and fifty-six pages. By a strange reversion of theme, the ultra-moderns seem to have been turned into ancients. But that may be unfair to the ancients.

"Trust Wesley!" (Little, Brown. \$2.00) is by a British subject with the full name of Bernard Louis Jacot de Boinod. He is of Anglo-French-Swiss descent. But his fourteen-year-old hero is the offspring of an American millionaire and his English wife. The story itself also has humor. From his American father, Wesley inherits an adventurous and piratical strain—a traditional American heirloom. There are other traits, such as smoking, gambling, bragging, boorishness and fluency in slang which leave no room for conjecture about his English mother's interest over Wesley's education. It is all just as original as that, but more realistic. The illustration on the jacket reminds one of the comedy films which France sent to us when the motion pictures were in their infancy. One may really gather a great deal of amusement from the escapades of this incredible youngster.

"The Subtle Trail" (Macmillan. \$2.00), by Joseph Gollomb, is deeply interesting from start to finish. It has the usual immediate introduction of plot and characters with an additional interest that is sustained throughout the story. Colonel Granger kills himself in the presence of two witnesses, but Galt sets out to prove that it was murder. Of course he is fated to succeed. He then makes use of the same means of death on the murderer of Granger to avenge the Colonel's death. It is a novel plot and a decided departure from the ordinary mystery story. The unraveling has brought the author to many fantastical turns. The narration of drug injection and pituitary supplanting from one individual to another is deteriorating and should cause the story to be read hesitatingly by the young.

J. Jefferson Farjeon uses an interesting plot to poor advantage in "The 5:18 Mystery" (Dial. \$2.00). It takes more than Peight chapters to get the machinery started and even then one does not realize until the ninth chapter that there is going to be a mystery. The counterplot involving the meeting and subsequent intimacy of the two most important characters is well done, but fast becoming hackneyed in stories of this nature. Personifications, such as a clock commenting wisely, and a hedge-bush holding dialogue with the grass are puerile and very much out of order in a story of mystery. However, once the action is started it arouses and holds interest to the end of the story. Yet many readers will lack the patience required for the incentive moment, especially when the title presages a tale of thrilling events.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

The Boarding School for the Small Boy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am preparing an article on Catholic boarding schools for the small boy, and I am anxious to include in it a complete list of these institutions. My former appeal in AMERICA brought me communications from twenty-seven schools in sixteen States, and from one in Canada. All these communications have been acknowledged.

I can hardly believe that these twenty-eight schools exhaust the list. May I therefore respectfully request the directors of Catholic boarding schools for the small boy to send me, in care of AMERICA, 329 West 108th Street, New York, their catalogue or announcement?

New York.

JOHN WILTBYE.

The Marquette League

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Following its practice of the last twenty-five years in making a special appeal at Christmas time for one of the neediest Indian missions in this country or Alaska, the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions, with offices at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, this year in response to the urgent appeal of Bishop Finnigan of Helena, Montana, solicits aid for the old Mission of Holy Family in northwestern Montana. Bishop Finnigan, of Helena, writes:

I am desperate because we have reached a crisis in our Indian work. Anyone who knows Indian problems realizes that the one and only solution is the Indian child. That means the Mission boarding school. I cannot and will not give up. We must give these Indians—I have over six thousand of them—the Faith without which they are lost. I must save Holy Family Mission, which I do not hesitate to call the poorest Mission of the whole Northwest. . . . I know that you will make an appeal to your members and friends for me this Christmas time.

During his two years as Bishop of Helena, Montana, Bishop Finnigan has shown himself a real friend of our neglected Indian missions. At Holy Family the Jesuit Fathers and Ursuline Sisters have labored heroically for half a century.

Surely the friends of the Marquette League, of our Indian missions and of Bishop Finnigan will respond generously to the Bishop's touching message to save Holy Family Mission and thereby keep the Faith among the Blackfeet Indians.

New York.

(REV.) WILLIAM FLYNN.

Silver Pens, Grasshoppers . . .

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In re Mr. Vincent de Paul Fitzpatrick's letter concerning my article in the issue of AMERICA for October 19, may I say a few words, please?

Mr. Fitzpatrick, evidently, is very fond of that Imaginary Professor of his. (The Imaginary Professor who has come to life!) He must give me the credit, too, of being fond of him. Didn't I say I would have liked him as a professor?

No, indeed, I don't think Mr. Fitzpatrick's class was "lopsided!" The idea! I simply tried to show that I do not believe a present-day college freshman class in English can accomplish as much as that Imaginary Professor who-has-come-to-life expected his class to accomplish. I notice that the one member of his class that has done things of note in the literary field has been Mr. Fitzpatrick himself! And I am pretty sure that Mr. Fitzpatrick would have done those same noteworthy things had he not been a student under the Imaginary Professor who, *Deo gratias*, is a live professor. And to put it a wee bit stronger, I am pretty sure, too, that had this English professor taught his pupils how to write a novel, Mr. Fitzpatrick still wouldn't have a novel in circulation. I honestly believe that not having taken a

course in novel-writing never would have deterred Mr. Fitzpatrick from writing a novel had he been born to write one.

When I asked who it was said that to write, one must forget all he has read, I meant that to write novels one must forget all the novels he has read. I admit that this statement of mine wasn't very clear, though I did say "read," please understand, and not "learned!" Of course, Kreisler, Heifetz and Paderewski couldn't forget all the lessons they have learned before playing. But some musicians could take a million lessons and never become artists. I wonder why. Likewise, I could take a million lessons in novel-writing and never be able to write a novel. I do not have to ponder long over the reason for that!

I suppose it isn't dignified to say that some are born with violins or pianos in their hands? All right. I won't say it. But I truly am convinced that one has to be born with the gift of genius in order to be one in any field.

Mr. Fitzpatrick wants to know if, when I said that many of the successful novelists of the day never saw the inside of a college, I meant "they would be poorer novelists if they had received a college degree." I meant this—a college course doesn't spell success for any college graduate. If you are born to be a novelist you are going to be one by hook—I mean, by college degree or without it. (This sounds like profanity but I assure the Editor it isn't.)

Well, I still like that Imaginary Professor—even if he is real. (Didn't he praise my views sort of left-handedly?)

But—he doesn't believe in arguing with women! Are we not worthy of his steel? That remark of his was too ambiguous.

I am glad to see that his pupils do not follow their professor's views along this line! I rather enjoy arguing with a man. But I hope neither Mr. Fitzpatrick nor his Imaginary Professor who-has-come-to-life will take my article too seriously. It is very embarrassing to father—or mother—humor that doesn't click. In the greater part of that article I was just having a little fun with the professor and his admiring pupil.

After I thank the one for his left-handed compliment and commend the other for his naive enthusiasm, may I ask Mr. Fitzpatrick if, he accepted his professor's invitation to go into the garden and catch grasshoppers? And if the two *dissected* the game after they caught it?

Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARY H. KENNEDY.

Fiction and Critics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I shall be grateful for space to notice the communication of Harry A. McPolin, which appeared in the issue of AMERICA for November 30.

Fie, fie! dear Mr. McPolin, it does not take "courage of a high order" to write as you did recently; indeed, the chief prerequisite of such writing is that one be imbued with the neo-puritan spirit, a spirit notable neither for breadth nor depth. How facile it is, to be sure, this instant readiness to "view with alarm," to deplore a thing but dimly perceived or comprehended! The attitude is Manichean.

If you, dear Mr. McPolin, ever attend missions or retreats, you doubtless recall that in these exercises life is neither idealized nor sublimated by glozed references to sin for the delectation of esthetes.

You mention the "normal food of the mind," and deprecate its abnormal food. Quite proper. But are you prepared, dear Mr. McPolin, to draw a hard and fast distinction between the normal and abnormal in mental pabulum today? I doubt it.

Before denouncing the works of honest Catholic authors on grounds of moral turpitude—or even moral obtuseness—because in them you detect modeling clay, it might be well for you to prolong your examination of these works for time sufficient to determine whether or not the clay has been used to form an image of sin attractive or repulsive. And if such attentive examination reveal to you—as it should—that the effort of the writers has been to portray sin in humanity without palliation, frivolity, or glorification, you, dear Mr. McPolin, should then be able to appreciate to some extent the smugness of superficial criticism.

This writer feels sure that at no time in history has a "Rollo Boys" or "Pollyanna" complex marked truly Catholic thought. Therefore attempts to impute or affix these brands to our outlook today are as droll as they are futile.

The pretense that sin's hideous aspects are to be suppressed by blinking expired with the passing of the mauve decade; and even in that quaint period the pretense was characteristic of some non-Catholic writers only.

No, dear Mr. McPolin, adolescent and adult Catholics today experience intimate contacts with sin in great and small degree by the mere process of living in a welter of sectarianism degenerated into neo-paganism on the one hand and neo-puritanism on the other—both equally repulsive.

Many of our Catholics pride themselves on their sophistication, and read extensively non-Catholic writers who are unmoral worldlings. If these Catholics are to be saved from complete moral befuddlement, it is highly necessary that the Catholic writer's appeal to them shall be at least as sophisticated as they and their favorite worldling writers think they are—but with this important distinction and difference: that the Catholic writer's effort, while truly depicting sin, shall show forth its wages of death and the uniquely Catholic dogma of redemption through penance and renunciation.

Since mere living has forced many of us into a cheek-by-jowl proximity to sin, to hold that Catholic writers should neglect the real needs of these battling co-religionists merely to titillate an assertedly unsullied modicum is to maintain an absurdity. I ask you, dear Mr. McPolin, what is to be gained by pretending that sin is in swaddling clothes if, as we believe, it is really a hideous monster? Let us by all means have a true likeness of it from many angles that we may not fail to recognize it—and avoid it.

Wilson, Pa.

J. B.

The Nine Headless Men of China

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If I had received a dollar for every skull or headless skeleton I found in China proper, the Gobi Desert, Mongolia, in Manchuria, in Chinese Turkistan or in Thibet, I would be a rich man.

The practice of decapitating criminals and enemies, of mounting their heads on spikes to be exhibited from gates and walls of towns and cities, or carrying them in front of the judge, is well over 4,000 years old.

The Manchus improved on the system by interring the headless bodies with the living executioner in caves of limestone. Tzu Tchi, the old Dowager Empress, specialized in it, specifically after the Boxer Rising when men of a group—or family—were beheaded publicly and then buried with their living executioner, so that the relatives could not find their bodies and venerate them as ancestors.

The nine "missing links" without heads found near Peking, with one with his head on, are probably some of those who were executed after the Europeans had stormed the Forbidden City and suppressed the Boxer Rising. They are not a million years old because the limestone of the burial grounds or caves would long ago have destroyed the bones.

I think the whole finding is a hoax by Chinese on their dear gullible brother geologists of America.

New York.

PAUL J. MALLMANN.

Wants the Summa in English

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I want to have in my library a set of the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas, in English. Now, the demands of a growing family are somewhat pressing on the exchequer. I wonder if I could find a second-hand copy, including the four volumes of the "Summa contra Gentiles."

If any of the readers of AMERICA can steer me towards the accomplishment of my desire, I shall be deeply grateful.

Elmira, N. Y.

G. R. S.

[Replies to the above may be forwarded in care of the Editorial Office of AMERICA.—Ed. AMERICA.]